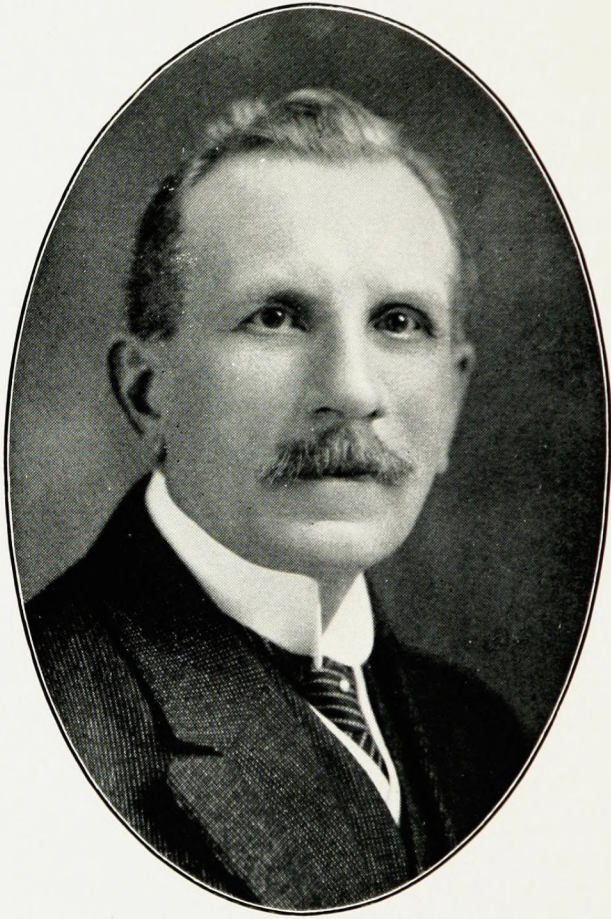


STANSTEAD-COLLEGE

ANNUAL

1934



This number of the Stanstead College Annual is respectfully dedicated to the memory of the late William Hanson, LL.D., who for many years was a true friend of the institution.

WILLIAM HANSON, LL.D.

By Charles W. Colby

Through the death of William Hanson, Stanstead College has lost a friend and supporter whose loyalty, attested by untiring services for many years, was never found wanting.

By origin he was a Cornishman, born at Fowey — that ancient port, which ever since the reign of Edward III, has supplied the Royal Fleet with many of its best seamen. In 1863, at the age of twelve, William Hanson came to Canada by way of New York, where his first impressions of this continent were associated with the sight of regiments on their way to Gettysburg. Most of his boyhood he spent at Stratford, Ontario, whence, in early manhood, he went to Napanee. There he met and married Miss Ade Daly, a lady whose beauty of nature was a source of happiness to all who knew her.

For some years during this period of his life, Mr. Hanson was engaged, first, in the book business, and then in manufacture as Manager of the Napanee Mills Company. In 1881 he became connected with the Travelers Insurance Company.

What established the first link between William Hanson and Stanstead was the fact that his brother, Charles, spent three years of his life here as Pastor of the Methodist Church. Thus, friendships were formed which have linked the Hanson family to Stanstead throughout more than fifty years, and given them an interest in the welfare of our community which has been witnessed by manifold acts of kindness and helpfulness.

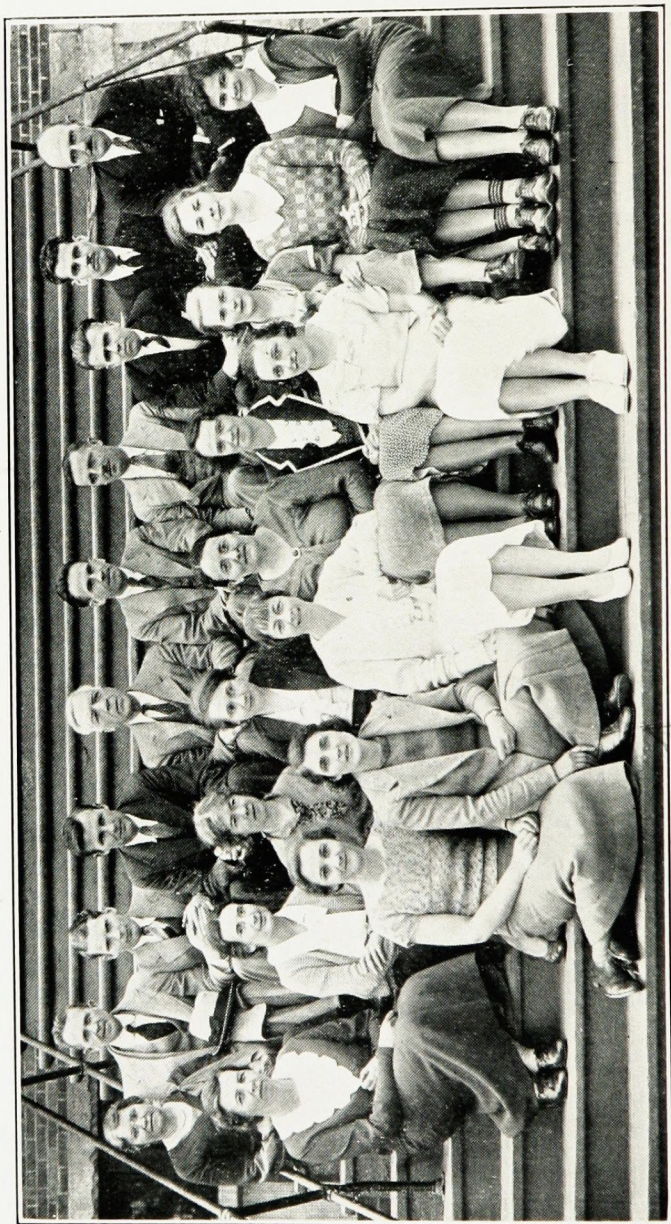
The financial house of Hanson Brothers was founded in Montreal by Edwin and Charles Hanson in 1883, but it was not until 1892 that William Hanson became a partner. From that time forward he remained an active member of the firm until the moment of his death — his physical robustness making it possible for him to keep at work long after most of his contemporaries had retired from the cares of business. Growing constantly in importance, and going far afield through the financial activities of Sir Charles Hanson in London, Hanson Bros. made a heavy demand upon the time of all the partners, but not to such an extent that they were not constantly employed in promoting civic betterment.

Considered from the standpoint of public service, William Hanson's major interests were those which lead him to work unceasingly on behalf of the United Church, the Affiliated Theological Colleges, the Y.M.C.A., the Montreal General Hospital, and Stanstead College. To the support

of these causes he brought great energy, and a zeal which made itself infectious. At all times in working for Stanstead College, Mr. Hanson recognized that its appeal was very wide. It was his purpose to do what he could to supplement steadily what could be effected through local support by contributions of cash, counsel, and administrative assistance from all those throughout Canada upon whose help he felt that the College had a right to rely. Always he sought to rally the non-resident trustees by the force of his example and by his own generosity. What he did, he did most willingly, and with a sympathy of demeanor which was an example to all.

Those who knew William Hanson best were most impressed by the genial warmth of his nature and by his responsiveness to the right things. He was never happier than when in the woods, and when looking out upon a noble view. He thought the panorama from Dufferin Heights to be the finest in Canada, and never tired of returning to this unique spot. At his fishing camp near La Tuque, he threw care aside,— never losing his zest for exercise and for the joy of open air life. All this was in keeping with the spontaneity of his own nature and the geniality of his large outlook. His conception of Canadian citizenship was broad, and one of the views he held firmly was that in the Province of Quebec the French and the English should be thoroughly at home in each others language.

It was not possible that Mr. Hanson — with his residence in Montreal — should come in such close contact with the students of Stanstead College as to enable them to realize the extent to which he was their friend, or how much they profited by the service he rendered so long and ungrudgingly to the Institution. But he was their friend, in act no less than purpose. By those who sat with him on the Board of Trustees he can never cease to be remembered as a perfect example of the loyal colleague. By all who love Stanstead College, the name of William Hanson must and will ever be remembered with grateful appreciation.



S.W.C. STAFF

March 1944
1945

STAFF CHANGES

We are very fortunate this year in the matter of staff changes, for they are to be very few in number. There are no changes in the Academy nor in the Bugbee Business College.

In the Conservatory of Music, Miss Jean Campbell has been granted a year's leave of absence during which time she plans to pursue further studies in Montreal. Final arrangements have not as yet been completed for the appointment of Miss Campbell's substitute, but it is expected that within a few days we shall be able to announce the appointment of a very talented and well qualified teacher.

The changes in the Holmes Memorial School are more comprehensive.

Miss A. E. Sutherland, B.A.; Miss Alice L. Parker, B.A. and Miss D. Graham are all retiring. Miss Sutherland plans to teach in Montreal while Miss Parker has accepted an appointment in Shawinigan Falls. Miss Graham, who has been doing good work with us for three years, has accepted an important position at Noranda.

So far two appointments have been made. Miss Jean Grieg, an Intermediate teacher whose home is in Valleyfield, Que., comes highly recommended from her former school. Miss Gladys Hutley, B.A. of Sherbrooke who is a graduate of Bishop's University is also highly recommended.

It is with genuine regret that we say farewell to the teachers who are leaving us, for without exception they have filled a real place in our family life. We wish them every success in their new ventures.

To the new teachers we extend a warm welcome and we trust that they may find here a fruitful field for their best endeavour.



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STANSTEAD COLLEGE ANNUAL

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VOL. XXXII

STANSTEAD, QUE.

JUNE, 1934

FOREWORD

The Magazine Board is happy to present to the public as a special feature this section devoted to Education.

The Editors are most grateful to the contributors who so graciously, and we must add, promptly sent us the stimulating articles which are here reproduced.

A few words concerning each of the contributors will no doubt be of interest to the readers.

The article "A Great German School" by Jessie Forsyth Andrews is reproduced from "The Christian World" and was sent to us by Dr. G. ELLERY READ.

MRS. FLORENCE MOREY BECKETT, Honour Graduate, E.T.C.M., 1918. For four years a prominent member of the staff of the Conservatory. For six years highly successful supervisor of Public School Music in New Hampshire and now Principal of Dr. Perkin's School of Adjustments, Lancaster, Pa.

MR. D. J. FRED SCOTT, is the Headmaster of the Academy. During the summer of 1933 Mr. Scott studied the Folk High School system of Denmark when he visited that country on a Carnegie Corporation Scholarship.

DR. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH who is the Dean of Studies at Drew University, Madison, N.J., and who is one of the outstanding preachers and scholars on the North American continent, was the Baccalaureate preacher in 1933.

PROFESSOR FRED CLARKE is Director of the Department of Education at McGill University. Before coming to Canada Professor Clarke was actively engaged in educational work, first in England and later in South Africa. Professor Clarke has made two visits to Stanstead recently. He was one of the speakers at the Educational Conference held in connection with the Diamond Jubilee.

MR. ERROL C. AMARON is Principal of the College and is both a former student and a former teacher.



STANSTEAD COLLEGE AND ITS CONTRIBUTION TO EDUCATION

By Errol C. Amaron.

"The Board of Christian Education (of the United Church of Canada) at its session April 11th - 13th, 1934, had before it the report of a strong committee on Secondary Schools. The report of this committee as adopted by the Board expressed its conviction that Private schools occupy a unique place in, and are of the utmost value to, education in this country. They emphasize character building on a Christian basis and provide opportunity for educational experiments which later pass into the State school."

This statement which was made by the general secretary of the Board of Christian Education places the United Church's stamp of unreserved approval on the work of the schools under its jurisdiction. The fact that this wholehearted approval was not given until a searching inquiry had been made into the life and activities of the various schools had been made, only serves to give it more weight.

The wholesome Christian influence which Stanstead College has throughout the years been exerting on those who have come within its reach is well enough known to need no elaboration at this point. It may be pointed out, however, that this influence has been as powerful a factor with teachers as it has been with pupils. Indeed many teachers have found in their work at Stanstead College a new and fuller appreciation of the significance of their vocation.

When we think of the host of men and women who as teachers or pupils of Stanstead College have absorbed to a lesser or to a greater degree the atmosphere of this school, and who have gone out into the world to occupy important positions in the field of education, there to exert their own influence, we begin to realize just how significant has been the contribution of Stanstead College to education.

The list of names which follows is manifestly inadequate, for it contains only the names of men and women with whose work the writer happens to be familiar. Those whose roots go more deeply into the soil of Stanstead than do mine will be able to supplement this list for themselves.

Among the former Stanstead teachers or pupils who are occupying or who have occupied important educational positions we note the following:

Dr. George J. Trueman, President of Mount Allison University; Dr. Charles W. Colby, former head of the History department at McGill University; Professor F. O. Call of the Romance Languages department at Bishop's University; Mr. A. (Bud) Trueman, Dean of Men at Mount Allison University; Mr. E. C. Irvine, Professor of Mathematics at Macdonald College; Miss Léa Tanner, Senior Supervisor of French in the Protestant Schools in the Province of Quebec; Mr. H. S. Billings, Assistant Inspector of High Schools in the Province of Quebec; Dr. Perry S. Dobson, Principal of Alma Ladies College, St. Thomas, Ont.; Mrs. Charles Beckett (Florence Morey) Principal of the Dr. Perkins School of Adjustments, Lancaster, Pa.; the late Dr. Maynard M. Hart, Principal of the Roosevelt High School, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Stanley McMullan, Principal of the Commissioners' High School, Quebec; Miss E. Gale, Lady Principal and Mr. R. C. Amaron, Senior Master of the same school; Dr. J. W. Stevenson, Principal of the Lennoxville High School; Miss E. Pitcher of Netherwood, Rothesay, N. B.; Mr. Fred Fyles, Principal of Victoria School, Montreal; Mrs. Ruth (Libby) Knowlton, Principal of the Coaticook High School; Mr. Ivan Stockwell, Principal-elect of the Buckingham High School; Mr. Wilbur Peat, Director of John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis, Ind.; the Rev. Cyril H. Adair, Chaplain at Macdonald College; Mr. Murray G. Brooks, General Secretary of the Student Christian Movement in Canada; Mr. C. J. McGerrigle, Boys Work Secretary, North Branch, Y.M.C.A., Montreal; Mr. Harold G. Beale, Executive Secretary of the International Y.M.C.A., Montreal; and the writer of this article may be forgiven for including his name in this distinguished list.

Who can estimate the influence of Stanstead College as it has been spread through the land by these her sons and daughters?

RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS IN CANADA

by Professor F. Clarke

Professor of Education at McGill University.

Mr. Amaron has invited me to write a short article on the principle of residential schools in Canada. I do not feel wholly qualified to do so, since a much longer and more comprehensive experience of Canadian conditions than mine has been is really necessary for one who would speak with authority on such a subject. I shall content myself, therefore, with a few general comments on the principle itself, offering no more than a few suggestions on its specific Canadian aspects for others to develop with fuller knowledge.

The boarding-school may be regarded as existing for two quite distinct purposes. Only one of these is stressed in a thickly populated country like England where a day-school of some sort is within reach of practically everybody. For an illustration of the other purpose we have to go to a sparsely-populated territory like Southern Rhodesia where the boarding-school has been developed on an extensive scale as an essential instrument of Government policy.

What we may call the "English" purpose involves a theory of the nature of education itself. National experience and tradition and perhaps temperamental inclination also, have induced in England a theory of the educational process as being less one of formal instruction and more one of community life under carefully planned and controlled conditions. These conditions have in view the attainment of results in the field of conduct and character more than in that of sheer knowledge. Hence the belief in the necessity for a high degree of segregation. The school-community is located usually in the country, the home is held at arm's length and the whole life of the school is strictly governed in the light of its character-forming objective.

The great "Public" Schools are the model of the whole conception. But during the last thirty years or so, faith in the necessity for a high degree of segregation has been challenged by the growth of highly successful publicly provided day-schools. Municipal and county secondary day-schools have shown that it is possible to develop under day-school conditions a surprising degree of that spirit and educative virtue which hitherto had been thought to be the exclusive property of the residential "Public" Schools. The respective products of the two types mix freely in the Universities and show a wide range of common ground.

But the "Public" schools hold their own, nevertheless, and the numbers of them have increased of late years. The comfortably-placed

English parent still holds to the view that the boy and even the girl do best to spend the critical years of early adolescence in a wider life-community than the home. The qualities that they hope thus to see developed have been so often reiterated that they need not be repeated again here. Suffice it to say that the faith in education as a regulated life in a segregated and specially-planned school-community still persists.

In Southern Rhodesia, though the English idea is strongly present, there has been an additional motive. The purpose of the boarding-school has been to make a real *school* possible at all. Pupils have had to be gathered from wide areas in order that enough should be available to provide a school with the minimum amount of staff and equipment that were thought essential. Consequently every large High School has attached to it an extensive, Government-controlled boarding establishment, and grants for boarding purposes are a recognized part of Government expenditure.

Which of those two motives applies the more strongly to Canada? The answer seems to be that both apply. Canada has, perhaps, not gone quite so far as Australia in the development of great boarding-schools under private auspices, but the existence of a number of such schools with a reputation that extends, in some instances, beyond Canada, shows that in our country, too, faith in the resident-community conception of education is not lacking. Such schools have value if only as diversifying the forms of provision for education, which, in Canada, are apt to become too standardized.

But they are under private control and usually they are too expensive to be available for the children of parents with slender means. Such parents may have sincere faith in the community idea; they may even be so placed that their children cannot attend a well-equipped school and live at home, yet the boarding-school is beyond their reach.

Nowhere in Canada, so far as I am aware, has the boarding-school method been adopted by any public education authority. "Consolidations" take place, it is true, but these serve only pupils who are within daily travelling distance and any boarding in connection with them is a private arrangement.

Because of the general absence of the boarding-school in the public provision, thousands of pupils in Canada are receiving secondary education in schools which, nowhere in the world except in North America, would be called "secondary" schools. They would not be regarded as having the necessary minimum of numbers, staff and equipment to justify the name.

This is sometimes explained on the ground that Canadian parents

are reluctant to send their children away from home during the difficult years of adolescence. Yet one cannot believe that Canadian boys and girls are so fragile as compared with the boys and girls of other lands who undergo the experience with much profit to themselves. The plea looks less like care for the children than an excuse to cover unwillingness to depart from the traditional demand for a purely local school to serve all purposes, however small the numbers may be. Canadian conservatism, in spite of some of the appearances, is a very tough thing.

So one would like to see the experiment fairly tried and the alleged reluctance of the parents really tested, by the offer of schools with good boarding-facilities, low fees and good teaching equipment. A good many of our problems in rural education would be well on the way to solution if such a plan could become fairly general as it has in Rhodesia and South Africa for instance.

Meanwhile, Stanstead College, with its low fees, its adequate staff and equipment, its strong traditions and its close relationship with School Boards and Government Departments is a genuinely Canadian example of what can be done. It fulfils both of the purposes we mentioned above and fulfils them well. And I wonder what Mr. Amaron would say if it were seriously suggested to him that the boys and girls living under his wise care were obviously unfit to be away from their parents!



HUMANISM IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS

By Lynn Harold Hough

When one reads the fascinating stories which tell of the life in public schools in Great Britain it is hard to avoid the impression that the youths in these schools are more advanced both in knowledge and in taste than that of similar age on this side of the Atlantic. It is of course an old story. In the days of good queen Bess, Francis Bacon while yet in his teens had attained an erudition, a mental poise, and a social finesse which made him not only a finished man of the world, but also a notable citizen of the kingdom of culture. It is easy of course to say that whole regiments of facts unknown when Bacon was a boy, knock at the mind of the modern lad. But it is true notwithstanding that the English public school boy is taught to make trails through the forest of facts in a fashion which leaves time for the attainment of a cultivated mind and an introduction to the culture of our Western civil-

ization. If one wishes to use a word or two to express the distinction he may say that training in British public schools is humanistic and training in North American secondary schools is rather proud to call itself scientific. We have no quarrel with attainment in the physical and biological sciences. But such a work as William C. Dampier Whetham's 'History of Science' suggests the thought that the man of humanistic training may make the best sort of a scientist.

The humanist attempts to master the meaning and to inherit the riches of the intellectual life of the world for the last twenty-five hundred years. Beginning with fifth century Athens he makes the treasures of man's mental experience his own. The years in the secondary school are the very years when the foundation for this sort of knowledge and understanding can be laid. In fact a man labours under a permanent handicap if he has not made at least the great matters of the humanistic tradition his own before he enters College. Books like Sir Edwin Sandy's "History of Classical Scholarship" show how the humanistic tradition contains the very stuff of which the mind of Europe has been made. The study of Greek and Latin as expressions of the human spirit and not merely as exercises in philology will open windows which look out upon a new and beautiful world. The study of history and literature as the expression of the human mind in action will at the same time give to the mind of the student emancipation and discipline. It is indeed difficult to see how a man can feel that he has a right to trust his own power of judgment without this sort of training.

On this side of the Atlantic Professor Irving Babbitt and Dr. Paul Elmer More have been the outstanding representatives of critical humanism in our time. Before he completes his secondary school activities a well trained lad can make his first journey through Dr. More's "Shelburne Essays" and can have his first happy hours with Professor Babbitt's "Masters of Modern French Criticism". As soon as he reads French easily he can take up Saint-Beuve's "Causeries du Lundi". And then on through the happy years he will continue his studies in the humanistic field.

In many a century the true humanist has summed up his deepest insights in the declaration that there is a sub-human level upon which a man must refuse to live; a human level on which he experiences his critical intelligence; and a higher level on which the human finds contact with the divine. Really the man who has not made his own the meaning of these distinctions which give permanent significance to life is little better than a barbarian. And he cannot begin to understand these distinctions too early. In the language of Plato's "Myth of the Cave", we

may claim the right of students in secondary schools to get out into the sunshine.

Drew Forest, Madison, N.J.



A NEW PRINCIPLE IN EDUCATION

By D. J. Fred Scott

These few paragraphs are for pupils and teachers who really love learning and wisdom but who feel that they are not in possession of the joy and the power that could be theirs. I shall first mention some elements in the attitudes of both pupils and teachers that are wrong, not in all pupils and teachers and not in all to the same degree, but familiar to all. Then after a few words as to their causes, mere hints, I shall describe very briefly their cure, this "new principle" in education. If one is to know its validity as a principle he must share the spirit of the merchantman seeking after goodly pearls, who when he had found one pearl of great price went and sold all that he had and bought that pearl.

Three of the most serious evils in education today are (1) a sense of futility, weariness and defeat (2) the absence of a principle of selection (3) unworthy and inadequate motivation.

There is no need to describe to any teacher or pupil the feeling of paralysis that exists in so much class-room activity. There is so little vitality in the pupils' desire to learn, so little eagerness and there is so much grim hammering from the teachers. So much of the time pupils just sit and teachers "teach" and there is a gulf fixed between. Enough! the seeker knows.

The fact that we have no principle of selection affects advanced students and teachers more than high school pupils, but they too need such a principle to co-ordinate the subjects which they must study. With the overwhelming number of books and subjects there are to study today what is to be the deciding principle? Too often we plunge in, choosing unwisely because of over-confidence, ambition, vanity or what not. The one who chooses "snap courses" with a view to indulging his laziness or allowing himself to do something else, just isn't a student at all at that time.

Then having made one's choice as to subjects of study what is going to determine his choice in each of the almost infinite number of occasions when conflicting desires must be answered. One wants to do so and so but such and such and such also claim his attention. One wants to

go out and have some fun but must stay in and grind — or what? Fail an examination probably, and so fail his year and so fail to get a job. All too often he stays in for no loftier reason than this, studying, it may be, good books, "the precious life blood of a master spirit." It is a sordid business, whipping up our wills with appeals to a wooden sense of duty or fear of not "making good."

The causes are not hard to find. Men have ceased to believe in the old virtues of our Tory grandparents, thrift, patriotism and social prestige. A career looks too uncertain and social prestige too tawdry to grip the imagination any longer. Liberal idealism on the other hand has broken down as it was doomed to do. In all its aspects, socialism, pacificism, interracial brotherhood and so on, it was only Christian ethics divorced from Christian religion. That is, we had come to think of the brotherhood of man — a concept Christ gave us — without thinking as He did of the fatherhood of God, an absolute essential if men are to be brothers. Who else is to be arbiter save Christ who taught us to stop arguing and love our enemies. The communist on the other hand has never lost faith in his dream of world brotherhood without God. He has always been clear headed and uncompromising and for that we admire him, but he is wrong and has made no great appeal in education in Canada anyway.

In a society where each man has become a law unto himself we can only expect the same of the children in a school. I am not referring to banditry, the demoralization has not gone that far. Children in schools are not in revolt, they are just unimpressed.

What is to be done? Patching "the" curriculum and the system will not help. Freedom is only a boon to the free. We must win freedom from the system and this we can do as individuals almost at a bound, and in that same leap rise clear above the real restrictions, those that exist in our own spirits. The maladies referred to are maladies of the will not of the mind. We know the light but sin against it.

Nature and man and the works of man will always be the three fields of study in the process known as education. Once we make our wills wholly submissive, without compromise or reservation, to the will of God the sense of futility and defeat vanishes. All the earth seems new and men seem real and full of potentialities in which we had really ceased to believe. We have some place then to put our own and others' sins. We understand what the Hebrews meant by the scape-goat. Our sins and weakness are recognized as all we could expect of unsundered, unguided lives and we cease trying to hide and repress them. They are gone and need not return. Then comes power; not to dominate other

wills but to do joyously what we have always really wanted to do. There's a paradox. Cease wanting your own way and you find abundant power to do what you really want to do. Understanding of that paradox can only come by making the full experiment.

By the same process we find a principle of selection. We cannot study all nature either directly or through books, nor all about man and his relationships, nor all about the works of man, his art and music, science and literature; but living surrendered, guided lives we can and do study, those portions of these fields which are appropriate to our needs.

Most important of all, what we do study we study with a quality of spirit hitherto unknown to us. No longer the old question, "What's the use?" followed by fruitless moralizing. No longer the divided self clamoring, "Shall I go out and have some fun or stay in and grind?" After a quiet time one either goes out and has some guided fun or stays in and does some guided work, and likes it. And no longer the claims of vanity or fear or low ambition. We have a new song in our hearts. Stanstead, Que.



MUSIC IN EDUCATION

By Florence Morey Beckett

The day has passed when music is recognized as merely an accomplishment apart from academic education. It is an integral part of education. It is a means of free expression of mental and emotional states of one's being. It has become a necessary avenue along which youth particularly, is being directed in order to establish a balance between emotional and mental states. It is a medium through which in leisure time boys and girls in adolescence are commendably meeting social problems under the supervision of those who are interested in the welfare and uplift of the youth of today.

I say this and more out of my experience and association with boys and girls during the past fifteen years of teaching music. And it is from this experience that I continue with a graphic outline of what has been done in music as a factor in education during that time.

I have not forgotten the lean years when music supervisors were in constant struggle with educators, namely superintendents, principals and teachers in graded schools, high schools, and training schools for teachers, to establish music as a credit subject with all the dignity and regard for it which was being given to mathematics, science and lan-

guages just as it had been given to the three R's in earlier times. In this there was justification for their attitude too, unless we could correlate music with the established subjects and could substantiate its value in making for better citizenship. Careful study revealed a close relationship with academic subjects and by means of correlation with them I became convinced that music should be a means of "driving home" facts that are too often taken merely as facts and too easily forgotten. Starting from this point music set out upon its crusade to conquer fractions in arithmetic as it was revealing note valuations and notations for itself. It brought home through sound a geography lesson unsurpassed by picture books or sandtables; it made science a living thing through study of string and wind instruments; it travelled through ancient history with Gregorian chants; it danced with the Greeks; it sang the languages of Europe and America; it sought out poetry and psalm; it imbued the gymnast with vitality; it stimulated the athlete in combat — all this touching the life of the "Kindergartener" and reaching out and past the Senior in High School.

A new day for music had dawned and I was not alone in the venture. Thousands of supervisors had caught the vision which was to make education throb with new life.

Then came the problem of making music serve a definite purpose outside the classroom. In Junior High and High School there was a tremendous need for the direction of boys and girls outside of school. Organization of orchestras and glee clubs was the solution. Boys were given free choice of instrument, too often, unfortunately, the choice being that of saxophone. But by careful handling many boys were enticed into the study of cornet, clarinet, or trombone. Eventually the saxophone was committed to its proper place in dance orchestras or bands and these served a very definite purpose in school socials. Later these little organizations afforded financial aid in college.

Among high school boys in particular there arose a conflict between orchestra practice periods and athletics. This was not to be handled in a bigoted manner by the music supervisor if it was to be of real benefit to the group concerned. Athletic associations require good financing and a school band in uniform present at a High School football game would invariably double the attendance. What athletic coach is not willing to co-operate on division of time outside school if the above mentioned results are obtained?

Briefly up to this point music served three purposes:

1. The strengthening of classroom work through new avenues of approach;

2. The answer to the needs of boys and girls outside of school hours, and
3. The substantiation of itself as a vital, necessary factor in their education.

The next step was to make it serve the communities of which these boys and girls were a part. Selected groups formed small symphonies which served churches, clubs, and business organizations alike. It was in this particular service that the greatest ethical development took place. Boys and girls showed tremendous enthusiasm and initiative in this work and it was here that leaders came into prominence. Following this came the delightful children's choir of fresh, beautiful voices raised in song of praise and supplication. Parents will forever be grateful to those who have contributed to this work among their children.

Such has been the progress of music in education, and to-day millions of children are being taught this subject in one of the largest classes the world has ever known. This takes place every Friday morning under the directions of a master educator in music, Dr. Walter Damrosch. He caught the vision long before he was able to bring it into being by persistent and co-operative planning he conceived a system by which classroom work could be augmented namely, through the medium of radio. These lessons extend from the third grade classroom through the university, from coast to coast. Isn't this a significant fact that music is a necessity in education and a very vital part of every child's life?

I should feel it gross neglect and ingratitude on my part if in this article I failed to mention the unusual breadth which a school like Stanstead Wesleyan College gives in the education of its boys and girls. The threefold purpose which it serves being inclusive of Academic, Business, and Music departments covers such scope as to offer a well-balanced education to any student. To say that I am truly grateful for the personal touch with advisers within its halls is not enough, but to state that the principles of its teachings have stood me in good stead in my association with hundreds of boys and girls over a period of some years is to pay it honest tribute. All Hail Stanstead Alma Mater!



A GREAT GERMAN SCHOOL

By Jessie Forsyth Andrews

We hear much to-day of German educational ideas and methods which fills us with misgivings and even distress. So that it was a double

joy recently to hear a German describe from Broadcasting House a certain school in Germany inspired by our own Public School system, but avoiding some of its defects and developing other qualities in original lines, and to know besides that this school is under Government approval and protection. The story was told by Herr Kurt Hahn, one of its original directors; and his comments were as stimulating as the facts.

The school was founded in 1919. That was Germany's zero year. Much blame for all their miseries had been laid by the German people upon Prince Max of Baden. The founding of this school was his only reply, and these were his words to his staff: "Make use of the tragic lesson of the war. See to it that the world of action and the world of thought are no longer two divided hostile camps. Build up the imagination of the boy of decision and the will-power of the dreamer, so that in future wise men will have the nerve to lead the way they have shown and men of action will have the vision to imagine the consequence of their decisions." (I am quoting from *THE LISTENER*).

Though it is so young, the school has a fabric with whose age and history only Eton or Winchester can compete — a castle of the seventeenth-century built on the site of a twelfth-century Cistercian monastery at Salem, on the shores of Lake Constance. Then it is organized on the perfect system, based broadly on the Eton method, even to the existence of an upper house corresponding to "Pop". Most important of all, it is permeated by an atmosphere of spiritual idealism which does exist with us, but which we are too reticent or too self-conscious to call by that name; we like to call it "tradition".

The way in which the organization breaks away from its pattern are extraordinarily interesting. The fees, for instance, are graded according to the income of the parents, so that it shall not be a school merely for the wealthy. The day-boys are some of them children of the local peasantry. And the higher artisans of the neighbourhood are enlisted as collaborators in the instruction given in their various crafts, and the boys go to their actual workshops to learn building, joinery, bookbinding, smithy-work and so on. That presupposes the existence of individual workshops of an almost mediaeval type; but they do exist in Salem. It is in the matter of games that the sharpest cleavage from the English system is seen. "Build up the imagination of the boy of action," said the founder. Therefore organized games do not begin till the 'teens, and even then they are rationed, to leave room for other outlets. They are compulsory on two days a week only in the upper school — and it seems that the standard in games has improved as a consequence. The resultant leisure is given to all manner of stimulating activities — cross-country expeditions self-organized in rather exciting scenery, dramati-

zation of Greek and German sagas acted in a wood, international exhibitions, a miniature zoo.

By this time we have departed far enough from the English model to be prepared to go further — and it is well we should be prepared. For this school has faced — and to judge from even a few of the recorded results, has solved — certain problems of education which are so acute in our own day, and were quite unknown to the mediaeval pedagogues whose framework we still retain. I mean particularly the difficulties presented by highly nervous and sensitive children. "Make the sensitive dreamer work for and love the common cause," commanded Prince Max. It is even more difficult than the other task. But he and his followers believed it could be done, by giving the unbalanced child faith in his own destiny — that is, a certainty that God has a meaning for his life. But you cannot achieve this by merely preaching at him. The secret lies in finding the child's "grande passion" — and every child has one. With that satisfied, he can begin to learn what overcoming defeat means. But how to find it? Here there comes a caveat to which I would give a ready consent. "Certainly not by indiscreet inroads into the psychical inside of a boy. The deepseated springs of action are the most powerful and at the same time the most delicate works of creation. Exposure to daylight may, while revealing them, damage them for life. Moreover, emotional reticence is, with a child reared under our northern skies, a form of chastity which ought not to be tampered with, even in the name of religion." No — this one absorbing interest must be discovered by the boy himself from among a number offered him, not on the top of a full time-table but as a normal and important part of it. "When the sensitive boy has begun to satisfy his grand passion, we consider him sufficiently tough to try to overcome defeat; that means we deliberately plunge him into activities where he fears to fail. We find that the spirit once triumphant makes the child in defeat fall back on reserves hitherto untapped."

Salem is growing, and there are to be other schools like it in Germany. A letter signed by Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young announces also that there is to be one in Scotland. What of girls' education? One phrase, and one alone, in Herr Hahn's talk, recognized the existence of girls. "We make every boy *and girl* run around the garden before breakfast." (The italics are mine). It startled me by its suggestion that Salem is a coeducational school, though nothing else confirmed that idea, and I cannot imagine that the present régime in Germany would favour co-education. I wish I had the clue to that phrase, for much hangs upon it.

VALEDICTORY

Today, we graduates, come to the parting of our ways. This Convocation is an occasion to which we have looked forward with pleasure for many months. To some of us who have been here at Stanstead for a number of years, it is not the first at which we have been present, but this holds for us a deeper meaning, a glimpse into the unknown future, for we are leaving the College which has been our home, our foremost thought, and our life for the past few years. Last fall, we who came here for the first time, may have looked with some dread on the long year to follow, but today we find that it has been neither long nor dreadful, and we also feel that this day is truly the goal and crowning glory of all our year's activities.

But hopeful in thoughts of the future we realize that today we are bidding "adieu" to the College which has meant so much to us in the past year, and the happiness which we feel in our hearts is tinged with a sweet sadness. For a truer understanding comes over us of the friendships we have formed, things we have done, little instances and occurrences which at the time seemed trivial, but now help to strengthen our loyalty and love for Stanstead, "Our Guiding Star." Remembrance of all that has happened this year fills us with sadness when we realize that probably never again shall we be able to participate in these things here as students. But, regardless of what may happen in future years, our love and praise of dear old Stanstead will always run high at thoughts of it.

Throughout the year we have been trained in those things most suited to fit us for whatever is to follow, music, art, science or commerce. To this year's very competent staff, we wish to express our sincere appreciation, for we realize that it is only through their capability and persistence that we have been able to attain that for which we have striven. To our Principal and Mrs. Amaron we extend our heartiest thanks for their interest in our well-being and advancement. They have all worked with us and played with us, and were at all times sympathetic and understanding. To them we wish many prosperous and happy years to come.

Sports this year have given us much, for, although we have not always been the winners, we have learned to give and take with sportsmanship, which will surely guide us through a straighter path in life.

We indeed feel grateful for the social life at Stanstead. We have made true friends among the teachers and students, and cherish happy memories of them, and hopes that we shall meet again at some future time.

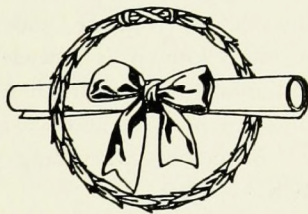
To our fellow students who shall return next fall, we thank them for their companionship and help on the flats and in school and we wish them every success and happiness in the future.

But throughout all our activities here has been interwoven a spirit of religion, a feeling that religion and the common events of daily life are linked together to raise us beyond the naturalistic view of life to a higher and fuller feeling of good-will towards men. Many of us this year have found the true "Light", and we have all been led nearer its path; we are grateful to all those people and forces who have been an influence in this.

We wish to express our appreciation to the board of trustees for their faith and trust in Stanstead's possibilities, and we hope that better times will soon come when their task will be made easier.

And so to our Principal, Lady Principal, trustees, staff and students, we bid you good-bye and we most sincerely wish you well.

— Marion G. Best.



GRADE XII

Although this year's Gr. XII was considerably smaller than usual, being able to claim only five members, yet we of that grade have consoled ourselves with the thought that perhaps the old saying "Good things are done up in small parcels", holds good in our case. Here's a chance to get acquainted with us.

AUSTIN YOUNG — Science.

Austin lives in Stanstead, where during the summer he studies astronomy and other sciences, and although he is a "little young", he is doing quite well, so we understand. So much for his extra-mural activities. In class all kinds of maths are just a pleasure to him and we expect to hear some day that he is an infinitely great mathematician. Here's to you, Austin.

MARION BEST — Arts.

Marion comes to us from Bedford where she spent her early years. We just can't imagine Grade XII without Marion and her good nature. This year she represented Grade XII in the Inter-Class debates and came through on top. Besides all her other good qualities she is one of the most popular girls in the school. The graduating classes have elected her as their valedictorian. Next year she expects to go to McGill where she will continue her course in Arts. Best of luck, Marion.

ELEANOR MACDONALD — Arts.

Eleanor as everyone knows comes from the "shocking" city of Shawinigan Falls. To the students she is known as "Swede" which in this case is a good Scotch name. Eleanor goes in for all kinds of sports, especially studying ancient and modern history, and we expect that some day she will be a history critic. Success in everything you try, Eleanor.

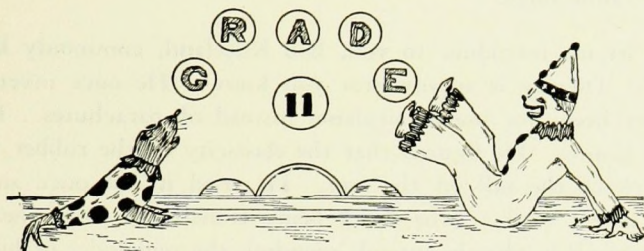
RUBY DERRICK — Arts.

Ruby lives in Stanstead and has gone to school here for a long time. Now she has reached the top. Ruby takes things seriously (even playing teacher in the main room during spares). In class no one else can even hope to solve the problems in maths and find the hidden meanings in English poetry and prose that come so easily to her. Bon voyage.

BILL BARNARD — Science.

Danville's loss was Stanstead's gain when Bill decided to take up track here. When not engaged in track Bill occasionally takes Grade XII, simply as a means for passing the time. His other activities include rugby, hockey and keeping that wave in his hair. His ambition is to break the world's record for the mile. Next year he hopes to attend McGill. Lots of Luck, Bill.

THE ACADEMY



GRADE ELEVEN PROPHECY

The following two people, which I am about to refer to, should I think head this list of Grade Eleven mad-hatters, for more than one reason. For one thing, between the both of them they manage to head the class in most everything, and a second reason is, that they are identical.

They are Frieda Bindman and Bea Walsh. If one does not eat soup at the dinner table, the other also refuses it. If one is ill, the other holds her breath or something until she too becomes ill, and when they get in a debate together — it is like the molecular bombardment of a gas, when the temperature reaches 400 degrees C. But they are really fine speakers.

They have one common ambition. To enter a talkathon race. They both have fine dispositions, and are good sports. They want to be social workers. But I can see them years hence, in their little bungalow (for they shall never marry) nodding their gray heads in acquiescence to each others statements, and talking themselves to sleep.

Next I think should come Ted Middleton. He is our class Einstein, being able to multiply or divide numbers of any number of places in his head, within ten seconds. (no mean accomplishment, let me assure you).

I predict for Ted, years from to-day, a position in the Royal Bank of Canada, adding up totals after the adding machine has finished. (to make sure of accurate work). Or perhaps the position of chief accountant would suit him better. You know, one of those jobs a'countin' out ways to shorten the working hours.

Next let us deal with Alice Turner who is really a nice girl. She manages somehow, to get in a few months of schooling between her trips to the warm and sunny south, but if she doesn't head the class, or at least come a close second I'll miss my bet.

She loves to drive around in Packards, and to play tennis, but she simply adores June bugs.

Now let me introduce to you, Bob Kneeland, commonly known as "Dooney". Dooney is an inventor you know. He once invented a pair of rubber heels, for use in airplanes instead of parachutes. It was the idea of a genius. He figured that the elasticity of the rubber would take the shock of the fall off the feet. He tried it out once and, — well, it just didn't work. (the shock being transferred to his head instead). The result is, that he intends spending the remainder of his days devising an opener suitable for making an effectual entrance into "Cannes."

Let us think of Lens Luker for awhile now. To begin with, he is a very serious minded gentleman. "How is that?" you ask — he is my room-mate. His ambition is to be any of the following: an electrical engineer, a fireman, or a flyer. But I think he is most suited for a piccolo player in the Salvation Army.

He has a friend named "Happy", and they are just too chummy for words, however, their "Plain" of life is sometimes disturbed when a "Hill" comes between them, but they always make up.

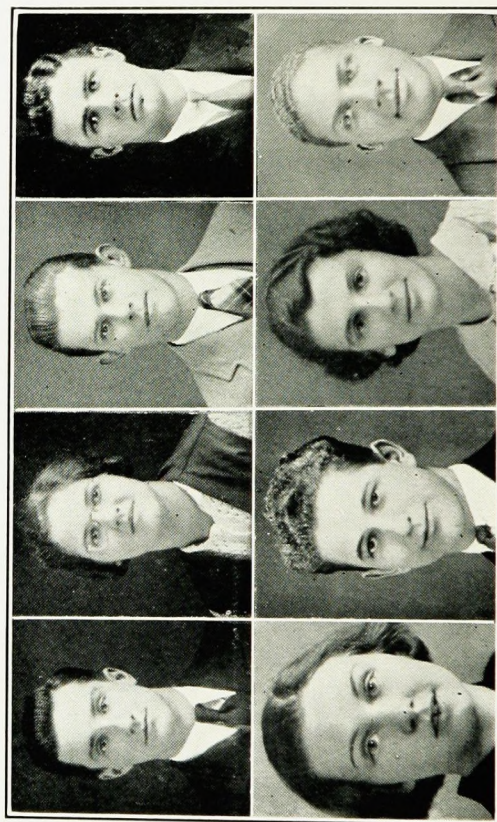
Samuel Porter is an interesting person. He has curly hair, and it is not uncommon to hear him called "Wrinkles" or "Sammy". His pet expression is "Did you see that." He likes to play with the alphabetical soup at the table, and study biology. His ambition is to be a driver of Santa Claus' reindeer. I think he would do very well as a drum-major in the parade of the toy soldiers.

We shall deal with his room-mate next, a very dignified lad named Don Bennett, who is just putting in time in Grade Eleven until he will be old enough to be a builder of "Can-Auta." (sometimes called Fords).

He loves listening to Hockey games over the radio, and it is his secret ambition to be the proud father of six boys, with which to make a team that will beat the Boston Bruins. He will probably be a Fuller brush man, or be employed in a baker shop making the holes in dough-nuts.

The next person I am about to introduce, has a deep yearning to

Grade XI Class



Top row: Donald Ross, Alice Turner, Donald Bennett, Robert Kneeland.
 Bottom row: Beatrice Walsh, Samuel Porter, Frieda Bindman, Thomas Johnson.
 In absentia: Lens Luker - Constance Seifert - Edward Middleton

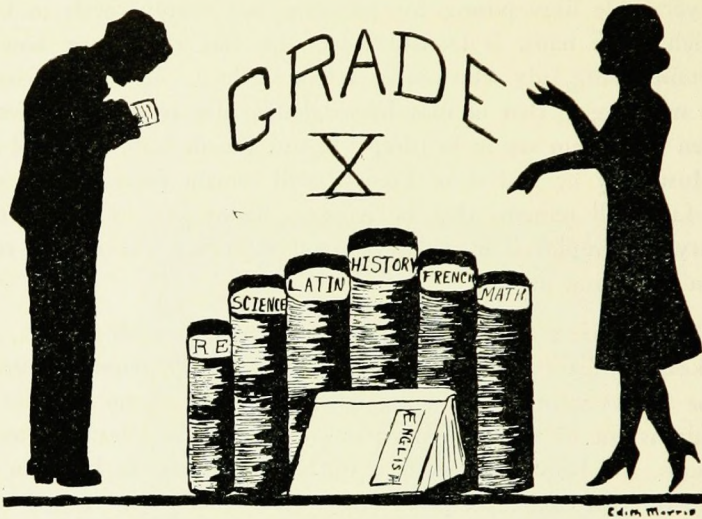
be a lawyer. He likes posing for pictures, and simply revels in Latin and French. His name is Donald Ross. He has a weakness however for a certain young lady who resides at the College. In fact he rises at six every morning so that he may have a longer day to dream of her. I have often heard him say in his sleep "Je suis fou de toi", over and over again. Just why he said it in French, will remain forever a mystery, but the fact still remains that he is crazy about her. He will in all probability, be employed in a lawyer's office licking the stamps to be placed on out-going mail.

Connie Seifert is another nice girl, "That ever with a frolic, welcome takes, her history, and algebra". (her tennis and swimming seriously). She always seems to be in a good humor, (having no worries) and as a result, is one of the most popular girls. She has a leaning towards the glorious, and helpful career of a nurse. However she lacks an inch in stature for that honorable profession. (She is only five ft. one inch).

Mr. Hackett believes she will be acting five years hence, as the tester of the elasticity of gum in a candy factory. In all probabilities she will be still trying for that extra inch.

The last on deck is myself, sometimes known at "T". However, there is nothing very exciting about myself except perhaps that I stammer once in a while, (only when I speak) and was once known to have stammered while singing. It was once my ambition to be a medico, but I shall no doubt get my d.d. (ditch digger) degree first.

— T. J.



Honorary President	-	-	-	Mr. F. T. Brown
President	-	-	-	J. Tilton
Secretary	-	-	-	A. Cameron
Reporters	-	-	-	K. Bready — D. Adam

The members of Grade Ten have taken an active part in all athletics this year. To the Senior Rugby team we gave four players, to the Boy's Senior Basketball team, four players, to the Girls' Senior Basketball team, two players and four members took part in the Track-meet.

Each member of Grade Ten had the opportunity of showing his ability to debate. It was left to Peggy Lamb and Happy Austin to represent us in the Inter-class debates. They met defeat, however, in conflict with Grade Twelve.

At present we are proposing to give a graduation dance for Grade Eleven, for they fully deserve it, and we hope that we will too, when we rise to their rank.

We're not brilliant students,
Yet you couldn't call us dumb
For work with us comes second
To our pleasure and our fun.
It must be that we're made that way,
And, though we always try,
We rarely seem to please our staff,
They're hard to satisfy.
It's "Happy this" and "Andy that",
They say it's for our good,
They threaten to disown us
And we often wish they would.
Oh well, in fifteen years or so
This country's worth-while men
Will think with pleasure of their days
At Stanstead, in Grade Ten.

— Peggy Lamb.

Mr. Gordon: "What is space?"

Austin: "It is — it is — I have it in my head sir, but I can't explain it."

Mr. Hackett: "Who was the founder of Rome?"

Claire: "Romeo."

Can you imagine what would happen if—
Alfred went "up" or "down" in an exam?
Claire lost her powder-puff?
Walter wasn't always a Boy Scout?
Hazel started to scream hysterically in class?
Jerry failed to sleep in English class?
Don G. was afraid of girls?
Andy lost her schoolgirl blush?
Happy didn't have a "crush?"
Kay looked forward to geometry class?
Don A. said more than two words in French?
Jim weren't so stubborn?
Peggy asked a sensible question?
Eleanor had her English done?
John didn't lead the class?



CLASS REPORT, Gr. IX.

Everybody came on from Grade VIII last year. In Grade IX we were joined by Jocelyn Fortin, Theresa Laythe, Archie MacLeod and Joie Redheffer making us sixteen in number. We have had a very interesting year both in social and athletic affairs.

Roland Leavitt represented Grade IX in senior football playing the position of fullback.

To hockey we contributed four budding stars, — namely Howard Wells, Hector Channell, Archie Macleod and Roland Leavitt. Hector accompanied the senior team on their trip to Quebec City.

The girls have also had representatives in all sports.

In the inter-class debates we were ably represented by Joie Redheffer and Don Poaps.



Gr. IX — CLASS PROPHECY

One sunny Wednesday morning in 1944 I was walking along St. Catherine St., in Montreal, when I noticed ahead of me a large and prosperous looking barber-shop.

A very attractive red and white sign over the door, which read:

A. MACLEOD'S BARBER-SHOP

"STEP IN — We cut it short and sweet."

The sign appealed to me and I read it again. Suddenly the thought struck me that I had heard that name before. But where? Ah!

Hadn't I been in the same class with a boy by that name way back in 1934 at old S. W. C. Sure I had. I remember it all now. Archie, was his name.

I opened the door and stepped into the shop. It was all done in red and white and quite the classiest barber-shop I had ever been in. I walked across the room and sat down in a red leather chair.

I was waiting patiently for my turn when a door at my left opened and out strode Archie in a long white smock.

"Hi there, Archie?" I called out.

He turned and said very politely, "Good-morning, Miss."

"Well, don't you remember me?" I asked. "I used to be in the same class as you in 1934."

"Well upon my soul, so you did, — you're the little girl who used to sit in the front seat aren't you!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I'm the one and same."

He began to ask me about the other students we had both known.

"Where is Theresa Laythe?" was his first question.

I told him that she was operator in the Rock Island telephone office and engaged to be married.

"Very sad" — said Archie, "she'll be sorry."

I didn't agree with him but then what could I say?

"Tell me about the others", he commanded and I began to tell him what I knew of the ones that I had kept track of.

"Lloyd Bliss is in Paris still trying to develop his fine tenor voice."

"That's a job and a half," said Archie.

"George Mallard has a large cattle ranch out west where he raises prize pigs and other farm animals."

"Fancy that!"

"Where is Roland Leavitt?"

"Oh Roland! He and Hector Channell have a small grocery store in Stanstead."

"I don't suppose you know that Shirley Roberts has been teaching Latin at S.W.C. for three years?" I asked.

"No, I didn't — where is her friend Alice Hartley?"

"Alice is married and lives in California. Her husband has a large fruit farm."

At this moment we were interrupted by the shrill voice of an angry lady customer who was demanding that she be taken to the pro-

prietor at once. We both looked over in her direction and to our surprise recognized her to be Anne Pike.

"Well, what is this a class reunion??" asked Archie.

"Search me! It sure looks that way."

By this time an employee came up to us followed by Anne. Fortunately she remembered us both which saved wasting any time in introduction and other formalities.

"Are you living in the city, Anne?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm working for the Salvation Army."

"Do you know where Anna McDougall is?"

"Oh yes, Anna is studying Art in Paris."

"Where is John Curtis and Don Poaps?" broke in Archie.

"Oh John married a wealthy French widow in 1942 and is now living in southern France."

"Don Poaps is now manager of his father's Overall Factory. He still has a passion for playing the violin and much to the discomfort of the employees often does his practising in his office at the factory."

Just at this moment the street door opened and in walked Jocelyn Fortin and Joie Redheffer. It seems Jocelyn had been in the city visiting friends and while down town shopping had met Joie who was passing through the city on his way home from Africa where he had been on a big game hunting expedition.

They had been walking along the street when they also noticed Archie's sign in front of his shop.

Archie was quite overcome by the sudden arrival of these last two.

"Now I know it's a reunion." He said.

I looked at my watch and discovered that I had just ten minutes before I was due at the theatre to practice for the scene in the new picture "Hot Toddy" in which a number of us chorines had to do a dance number.

Expressing my joy at having met them all again I took leave of my old friends and hurried on towards the theatre.

STOP!!



GRADE EIGHT

To go through school without knowing Grade Eight,
As Pritchard will tell is a very sad fate.
Miss Tilton who always leads the class
Is not like Waterman who never will pass.
Sancton and Carr are hopeless cases,
They sit all day with grins on their faces.
Vipond is a football hero,
Although in French his marks read zero.
Dot LaRoche and her fanciful capers,
Resembles one of New York's skyscrapers.
Millet is known for his shiekish actions,
And the dean says he will never know fractions.
Miss Burchell is our fairy princess,
Knows her lessons and always convinces.
Young MacKay with the schoolgirl complexion
Is always mixed up with English Inflections.
Poaps is well known in the League of Nations.
Bill Pike follows with his Latin quotations.
Paul D'Albenas who is not over ambitious,
Is sometimes considered very fictitious.
Marion Lawton is often lost in her dreams,
For a fair young Galahad with considerable means.
Perk came to school with books in a cart,
But threw out Maths right at the start.
Lloyd Farrow is a wild young fellow,
He thinks of today and not of tomorrow.
Billy Heath is an ambitious young farmer,
He sure does love old Terra Ferma.
Betty Gardner is a well known co-ed,
She took all the prizes at a prom, it is said.

Davie a violinist of unknown degree,
Is always saying, "But don't you see?"
Haydon the dizzy from Montreal
Is headed for a disastrous fall.
Bushnell is a terrible crank,
He stands on the corner and holds up the bank.
Russell Langley is good on the track,
Considering his ability, he is rather slack.
Fat McGilton likes to work,
Studies all night and sweats like a turk.
Mickey McKeage is a little wild,
Considering that she is only a child.
Donald Marvin is often heard
Using big words that sound absurd.
Norman Ball by the pole vault
Is trying hard to earn his salt.
Anita Laythe is very shy,
Twice as much as you and I.
Florence Brock is a young Girl Guide
She'll guide you all over the country-side.
This is Grade Eight all in rhyme,
Why don't you come up and see us sometime?



HOLMES MEMORIAL SCHOOL

The session of 1933-34 of Holmes Memorial School has been very successful. The total enrollment of the school has been 206. In spite of the very cold weather and difficult roads of the past winter the attendance of the pupils from the country districts has been splendid. This has been possible owing to the general good health of pupils and teachers.

The school has had a very active year. In addition to the regular course of studies some special new features have been introduced this year. The teachers of Grades Four and Five have been giving art lessons to any interested in that subject. These have been much enjoyed.

The Red Cross work has progressed very satisfactorily. All grades have held meetings and discussed Red Cross matters. A very large quantity of stamps and several hundred coupons have been collected and sent

to Red Cross headquarters. The sum amounting to \$28.00 from the sale of calendars was sent to Mrs. Shaw for the general work. The school's share of the Jamboree proceeds was devoted to local Red Cross work. In Grade Four a new method of teaching the use of proper foods was tried by making a house of things good to eat and drink. Another project of Grade Four was to make "Everlasting Flowers" for sale. Children of Grades One, Two and Four made scrap books and cards for the Women's Missionary Society, to send to an Indian Reserve in Northern Canada.

The School Fair again proved successful. Many schools entered exhibits. The Holmes Memorial School pupils took prizes amounting to \$65.40 in cash. There are already 123 entries from this school for the coming Fair.

Public Speaking in past years has not been a favorite entry at the Fair. Last year, however, in a contest of this nature nearly a dozen pupils entered from the school. Byron Stratton succeeded in winning first prize, while Donald Marvin took third. Practice in class has helped to strengthen our confidence and we had, also, been anxious to claim the extra prize, doubling the first, offered by the North Stanstead Women's Institute if first place came to the school.

The physical and athletic side of the life of the school was well cared for. Mrs. Amaron took charge of the girls' sports, teaching them ground hockey, basketball and other interesting games. Great enthusiasm was aroused amongst the boys in hockey, football and track under the leadership of our Principal, Mr. Amaron.

On special occasions such as Christmas, Easter and Valentine's Day suitable programs were prepared through all the classes.

In Grades One and Two a new and worthy "Thoughtfulness Contest" was introduced. While many pupils took part very successfully, special mention must be made of Henry Dewey who took first place.

The Women's Institute showed their continued interest in the school by donating money to buy a pantograph.

In regard to the "Business Writing Lessons" one pupil, Jimmie Batchelor of Grade Seven has already won his certificate and others are endeavouring to reach the same goal.

Everybody is looking forward to the College Closing Exercises and the pleasant gatherings connected with that event.

In conclusion, the pupils of the school gratefully recognize their indebtedness to the Principal, Lady Principal and teachers for their kindly and pains-taking leadership.

— Billy Carson, Grade VII.



FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

In the year 1894, Dr. A. G. Bugbee, a highly respected and successful physician in this community, donated to Stanstead College a large and stately residence located at the North-East corner of Stanstead Plain. With the building he handed to the trustees his check for Four Thousand Dollars to move it to the North side of the College Campus where it now stands. A few changes were made in the interior to suit its new purpose. In 1920 it was partly destroyed by fire. In reconditioning the interior, three large bright Commercial rooms on the ground floor was the result. The second flat, in addition to having two living apartments, was later made over into three Academic rooms. A handsome endowment from the donator of the building has been a great material blessing especially in years of depression such as we have just come through. During those forty years the Bugbee Business College has graduated over a thousand students, many of whom to-day hold high positions of honor and trust. Much of the credit for this is due to the generosity of the man who had a vision and proceeded to make that vision a reality.

J. D. McF.

"BUGBEE DAYS"

Bugbee days are happy days
From September until June.
You start in with a little "puff"
And come out with a "boom".

You start at 9 in the morning,
And carry on 'till noon.
At 1:15 you're back in class
To spend the afternoon.

'Tis hard, oh yes, but what care we?
Weren't we put here to work
To strive to hold an upper hand?
Therefore, we do not shirk.

And now, those happy days are gone,
Never shall they return.
But one thing we've come to realize —
It pays to live and learn.

— G. J. S.



LITERARY SOCIETY

The B.B.C. Literary Society was organized Oct. 2, 1933, and the following officers elected to hold office till Christmas.

Hon. President — Mr. J. D. McFadyen.
President — Mr. Roger McKergow.
Vice-President — Miss Marjorie Rudd.
Cor. Secretary — Mr. Eddie Hurn.
Program Convenor — Mr. Wm. Campbell.

On Jan. 5th, 1934, the first meeting of the new year resulted in the election of a new set of officers as follows:

President — Mr. Gordon Shipway.
Vice-President — Miss Cassie Nicholson.
Rec. Secretary — Mr. Alfred Philip.
Cor. Secretary — Mr. Lorne Macdonald.
Treasurer — Mr. Roger McKergow.
Program Convenor — Mr. Eddie Hurn.
Decoration Convenor — Miss Pauline Hill.

Mr. Arnold McKenzie was elected editor of the "One Lung".

The programs put on by the Society throughout the year provided fine opportunities for practice in public speaking. Besides the "One Lung" which was read at mostly every meeting, there were some good addresses delivered by speakers from within and without the Bugbee. The debates were well contested and the general result was very satisfactory.



"HERE AND THERE"

The class picture is just being completed as we go to press and promises to compare very favourably with those that now decorate the main room walls in Bugbee.

The class pin this year is the pride of all the Commercial students and reflects credit on the kind of work turned out by the Seifert Bros. of Quebec City.

The long cold winter had little effect on the temperature in B. B. C. as the rooms were quite comfortable on the coldest days.

Four boys, Eddie Hurn, Gordon Shipway, Andy Brown and Alfred Philip took the Junior Secretarial Course this year; whilst Arnold MacKenzie, Roger McKergow, Lorne Macdonald and Earle Farley took the advanced Secretarial Course. The latter four also took bookkeeping exams from the Montreal Board of Trade.



OUR MOTTO

Folks are fond of taking short cuts.
They like to go around in pairs.
ONE leads; the other follows,
To disagree, he never dares.

Draw your own self-made conclusions,
Don't depend on somebody else.
In the end it never pays you —
Be YOURSELF! None but YOURSELF!

And so, my friends, think not of short cuts.
Follow not what ONE declares.
"The elevator's out of order,
To reach success, you climb the stairs."

— G. J. S.



T. L. Bready



I. D. McEldysen



E. C. Amaron



Miss F. Goddie



E. Longwin



L. Macdonald



Mari. Rudd



U. Mackenzie



Geo. Winters



Andy Brown



Earle Finley



Pauline Hill



Ed. Huie



G. Shipway



C. Nicholson



A. de Gruchy



Harold Ross



Olwin Smith



W. Campbell



John Greer



R. McKernan



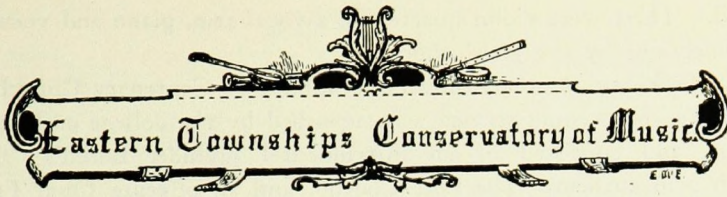
Len Marcott



A. Mc Caffrey



Alf Phillip



"Art is the truest League of Nations, speaking a language and and preaching a message understood by all peoples." As the finest of the arts, music forms a universal language and a firm link between all nations of the world. As this is true of nations, it therefore has a stronger hold on the individual. This bond is especially felt here at Stanstead where we are constantly living in a musical atmosphere.

The Conservatory has followed along the usual lines of activity for the year, producing a number of really excellent features. The first of the fall term was largely concerned with organizing the chorus and orchestra, the latter of which played at Centenary United Church the first Sunday in October.

At the Thanksgiving banquet held December 1st in the College dining room students from the music department gave a short musical program consisting of vocal and violin solos, and a mixed quartette.

Stanstead this year has had every reason to be proud of her students' chorus. No part has been lacking for leading voices and the balance in the whole chorus is excellent.

In November the chorus began work on a Christmas cantata, "The Star of Promise." As the time for preparing this was rather limited, Mr. Martin asked for the utmost co-operation of all at rehearsals, and the chorus responded wholeheartedly. As a result of diligent work on the part of all concerned, the presentation of the cantata on December 17 in Pierce Hall was of a very high character. The accompaniment, consisting of four violins, organ and piano formed an effective background to the chorus. The solos, duets and quartettes, as well as the choruses showed the result of careful training and practice. The solo parts were taken by Jean Campbell and Pauline Hill, soprano, Barbara Bliss, contralto, Roger McKergow tenor and Robert Kneeland, bass. It was requested that the cantata be given at the Stanstead South Church, so after the Christmas holidays, the chorus again presented this beautiful cantata.

The winter term was rather a busy one in the music department. The first week in February the midyear examinations were held, and on February 10 at the Valentine tea a fine musical entertainment was fur-

nished. There were violin quartettes, a vocal trio, piano and vocal solos, and selections by the girls' chorus.

February 25 was Anniversary Sunday at Centenary Church. The music for the evening service was furnished by the college orchestra and chorus, and consisted of an instrumental prelude, Borch's "Festival March", an anthem, "The Lost Chord", and an offering Cesar Franck's "Prayer", played by the stringed section of the orchestra.

The pupils' weekly recitals throughout the winter term were entertaining for the audience and showed marked progress on the part of the students in their successive appearances.

During the winter term the chorus was at work on an Easter Cantata, "The Morn of Victory", which was presented on the evening of March 25 in Pierce Hall. The soloists for this occasion were the same as those for the Christmas one.

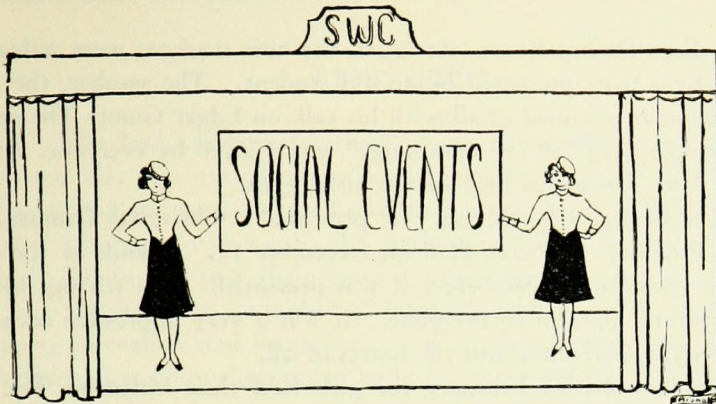
Dean Miner of Toronto, one of Canada's leading violinists, who was so much enjoyed at his last years' recital, came to Stanstead again this year and gave an equally fine concert. His programme included compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Wieniawski, Sinding, Paganini and Glazannon. Miss McFadzen was his accompanist and deserved especial praise for her fine work in the Beethoven Concerte in F. During an intermission the girls' chorus sang the "Spinning Chorus" from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."

On May 6 at the church service which concluded the three days Model Assembly of the League of Nations given under the auspices of the College and participated in by representations from six other schools, the musical part of the service included an organ and piano prelude "Nuptials March" (Widor) by Miss Henley and Miss McFadzen, and an anthem by the College Chorus, "Sink and Scatter Clouds of War" by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

One of the features of Commencement Week was the Senior recital Friday evening, June 1, in which the following students took part: R. Perkins, M. La Penna, M. Lamb, F. Bindman, P. Hurd, P. Hill, B. Bliss, D. Poaps, T. Johnson and R. McKergow. The orchestra played the "Tannhauser March" by Wagner, and the Chorus sang a cantata, "The Village Blacksmith."

The following afternoon the Junior recital was held. Those participating were: J. Burdick, B. Brock, G. Benware, G. Whitehead, D. Bindman, M. Gorham, S. Pritchard, F. Pritchard, J. Abbott, E. Fisher, M. Sutor, P. Sutor, S. Abbott, D. Marvin, T. McGilton, J. Redheffer, D. Adam, A. MacLeod, M. Lawton, B. Bliss, J. Fortin and R. McKergow.

— Barbara Bliss.



The Freshman Prom was held in the College Parlours on Sept. 30 this year. Since it is the first social event of the season, it is always looked forward to with great pleasure. There was dancing in the girls' gym, as well as "proms" in the parlours, so everyone had a good opportunity to get acquainted. With this prom, the season's activities received a very good start, and all our events since have been equally successful.

It was decided to celebrate Hallowe'en with a supper entertainment, and dance. It was in keeping with this day of pranks that the entertainment should consist of "stunts" by girls and boys. The boys were the hit of the evening, when they turned themselves into chorus girls for our benefit. The night was dark and fraught with wierd noises as we went over to the boys' gym, where we were to dance. When we entered the gym, we found it darkly decorated in orange and black. Cats and witches were everywhere, on the walls and on the windows. But dancing dispelled the ghastly charm and it was with great regret that we had to banish the vision of ghosts and goblins, to return to everyday life.

"International Night", an event held yearly to promote an understanding of national customs and people, took place in the boys' gym on November 24. Booths representing different nations were set up and there all sorts of novelties were to be seen. Strangely clad men in Indian dress mingled amidst the dancers with Spanish, Chinese and Irish ladies. The scene was brilliant with colour. Various national dances were given by the girls, as well as short talks on some countries by the fatherly old oracle, the owl. Everyone enjoyed this evening. It was also successful in that, besides making enough for the support of a cot in China, we were able to give some money to Miss Libby for work in the Model School.

The annual Thanksgiving Banquet took place on December 1

in the College Dining Room. As usual, the new students were welcomed formally by a toast presented by an old student. The speaker, the Rev. Mr. Conklin, entertained us all with his talk on Edgar Guest. The spread of roast goose with "all the trimmings" was enjoyed by everyone. Afterwards a short dance was held in the girls' gym.

The College Chorus this year presented a Christmas Cantata, the "Star of Promise," in Pierce Hall on December 17. Friends of the College were guests at supper before it was presented. The stirring beauty of this cantata appealed to everyone. It was a very impressive occasion, for it brought Christmas into the hearts of all.

On the 10th of February the girls held their Valentine Tea. It was very well attended. Everyone enjoyed the musical programme presented by the girls. After tea, an informal dance took place in the girls' gym, which wound up the evening in good style.

The Music-Academy Prom was very much enjoyed this year. It was held in the dining-room, which, because it was St. Patrick's Day was charmingly decorated in green and white. This dance was the most successful that term, and everyone carried away with him the memory of a good time.

At Easter too, a Cantata was presented by the College Chorus. Guests were invited to supper. This cantata was as well presented and as much enjoyed as the one at Christmas. The Chorus was much praised for its able performance.

During the last term one or two informal evenings of games were planned. Everyone enjoyed these evenings, when they could dance or play almost any game they wished.

The "Seicl" dance, now a yearly event was held on April 28 in the boys' gym. Those who did not dance were able to play bridge and other games. A feeling of jolly informality prevailed throughout the course of the evening.

The Model Assembly, put on under the auspices of the "Seicl", took place the week-end of May 4. On Saturday night a banquet was held in the dining-room, which all the delegates attended. Mr. Wansbrough of Montreal was the speaker of the evening. Everyone heartily enjoyed his stirring address. After the dinner, the students danced a short while in the girls' gym.

There remain this term a few more events, the "Seicl" Banquet, the Alumni Banquet and the June Prom.

All join in thanking Mrs. Amaron, chairman of the social committee and all those by whose efforts the social season was so successful.

— Frieda Bindman.

"THE SEICL"

The Seicl a Society for the Encouragement of the Intellectual and Cultural Life was started in the school in 1931 by a few of the students who realized the need of an education in these things. During the time that it has been in existence Mr. Amaron has been its adviser and it is largely due to him that the organization has been the success it has been.

The Seicl has a number of interests such as public speaking, dramatics, journalism and literature. And as these are entered into by the members themselves they prove to be of great benefit. During the time that the Seicl has been at work it has given the school several activities that have more than proved its worth, such as the yearly Inter-Class debates and the College Column in the Stanstead Journal.

These activities are only two of the many which the Seicl members sponsor. Within the Society book reviews are given, world-wide current events are reported, impromptu debates are held, dramatics practised and outside speakers are invited to give short talks.

This year the program of the Seicl was not as extensive as is usual due to the fact that the Society did not start its meetings until January 26, 1934, but we feel that what was lost in quantity was made up in quality.

On February 2 the Seicl held its first official meeting, this meeting being attended by students who had expressed their desire to join and who had been accepted by the last years' members. At this meeting the election of officers was held and the following were elected: Roger McKergow, President; Constance Seifert, Vice-President and Earle Farley, Secretary-Treasurer. Later at a meeting of the executive Donald Ross was elected Editor of the College Column, Eddie Hurn, Chairman of Public Speaking and Eleanor Macdonald, Chairman of Dramatics.

Due to the short time the Seicl has been active this year the Society has made no public appearances, but through this Society the Inter-Class debates were again put on and a Model League Assembly held in Pierce Hall in which pupils from seven schools took part. It was estimated that during this Model Assembly over sixty speeches were given on world affairs by those taking part.

Following our usual custom of having someone in from the surrounding community to speak, the Seicl had Mr. Ferguson who spoke on his hobby of coin collecting, which he illustrated with coins from his private collection.

A new experiment of the Seicl this year was a meeting set aside for journalism. Each member was given an assignment to cover and to

write up, the whole result was arranged as one news sheet.

During the year only one meeting was set aside for public speaking, this taking the form of impromptu speeches. Each member was given a subject by drawing for it and was required to speak for two minutes on that subject.

According to custom the Seicl again put on its Annual Dance in the Boys' Gym, this dance being attended by all the students in the Academy and Bugbee. We believe that this dance proved that the Seicl could not only look after the intellectual side of life but the social as well.

This year for the first time members from grade ten were invited to join the Seicl for the last term. This was thought advisable so that there would be a nucleus around which to build next year's organization.

On May 12th the Seicl's last meeting, held at The Maples, took the form of a Banquet. At this meeting Mr. Meekran, Mayor of Stanstead, spoke to the Seicl and guests on the benefits to be found in reading.

We of the Seicl would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Amaron for his unfailing help in the making of the Seicl of this year the success and pleasure it has been.

Members of the Seicl:- Roger McKergow, Pres.; Constance Seifert, Vice-Pres.; Earle Farley, Sec.-Treas.; Edgar Hurn, Chairman of Public Speaking; Eleanor Macdonald, Chairman of Dramatics; Donald Ross, Editor of Stanstead Column; Marion Best, Frieda Bindman, Beatrice Walsh, Alice Turner, Marcelle Gorham, Pauline Hill, Barbara Bliss, Adrienne Cameron, Kay Bready, Jocelyn Fortin, William Barnard, Donald Bennett, Samuel Porter, Lens Luker, John Greer, Robt. Kneeland. Honorary Members:- Mr. E. C. Amaron and Mr. F. Scott.

— Earle Farley, Sec.-Treas.



DEBATING

Debating this year reached the highest level in the history of the College. Competition was very keen and it was only after a very interesting and hard fought series of debates that Grade Twelve emerged the victors and won the John T. Hackett debating trophy.

Altogether during the year there were twenty-seven debates in which sixty-six students took part.

On March 8, the first round of the inter-class debates began with the following teams lined up:

Grade Eight vs. Grade Eleven.

Grade Nine vs. Bugbee Business College.

Grade Ten vs. Grade Twelve.

Grade Eight, B.B.C. and Grade Twelve were victorious. The three winning teams then drew for the bye and Bugbee obtained it. On March 12, the semi-final debate was held. After a closely fought contest, Grade Twelve was declared victorious by the judges.

The final debate was held on March 16, between Grade Twelve and Bugbee Business College. The subject chosen was "Resolved that every community should have complete freedom in the organization of its schools."

The affirmative was upheld by Roger McKergow and Arnold MacKenzie representing Bugbee and the negative by Marion Best and Don Bennett representing Grade Twelve.

The subject for this debate was a very timely one and aroused a great deal of interest in the audience. After both sides had presented their cases, the Judges, Miss Mary Flint, Mr. J. D. Ferguson and Mr. E. J. Struthers, unanimously awarded the verdict to Grade Twelve.

Mr. D. W. Davis then presented the John T. Hackett cup and a very eventful year in debating was brought to a conclusion.

The debates were arranged by the "Seicl" which is to be heartily congratulated on the success it achieved in its very noteworthy undertaking.

MODEL ASSEMBLY

One of the most important events of the past year took place the first week-end in May. Stanstead College has taken the lead in many things, but the Model Assembly of the League of Nations which was staged May 4-6 has been the high point of our leadership.

The idea for the whole affair was conceived and carried out by the "Seicl" the senior literary society of the College. An agenda was drawn up and invitations were sent out to twelve schools to participate in the discussions. The following schools sent delegations: Bishop's University, Sherbrooke, Richmond, Knowlton, Derby Academy and Newport.

All the questions before the league were discussed very intelligently and demonstrated that the "diplomats" understood the different problems with which the world is faced today. A large audience attended both sessions and showed their appreciation by much applause.

Mr. M. Wisenthal of Bishop's was elected president of the meeting and under his very able guidance everything ran smoothly. R. McKergow, Stanstead, acted as secretary-general and L. Marcotte also of Stanstead, acted as interpreter.

Saturday evening following the final session a banquet was held in the College dining room attended by all the delegates and a few friends of the College. Mr. V. C. Wansbrough of Montreal was the guest speaker and delivered a very fine address on the work of the league. Mr. Wansbrough was also the speaker in Centenary Church Sunday morning and his speech there was a fitting conclusion to a very successful week-end. The daily papers gave this affair much publicity, the Sherbrooke Daily Record giving it front page space.

This Model Assembly created such an interest that there is already talk of making it an annual event.

A MIDNIGHT FEED

Study period is over, the teacher on charge has been around and seen us all in our own rooms preparing for bed or for a little more work; or possibly he may even see us at work, but that, of course, is beside the point. He has been around, and in all probability won't be around again this evening, so we congregate in Bill Barnard's room for our "feed". We bring in an extra table to cook on, also our utensils which consist of a toaster, a coffee pot and a small single unit stove. "Swede" brings in the food, three loaves of bread, butter, coffee, milk and sugar. The "feed" gets under way.

The famous toast team of MacKenzie and McKergow take care of the toast side of the question, while the remainder of the fellows prepare the rest of the food and themselves, for the feast.

Slowly two tiers of toast ascend ceiling-ward, all buttered and brown, and McKenzie is heard to say, "Wait for the rest of us, Marcotte." The coffee is slowly percolating on our stove, and cups with spoons or knives in them ready to receive its fragrant contents. Suddenly Lorne's voice is heard, "Where's the sugar? This is salt." So it was! We had forgotten that the rest of the sugar had been used in our last "spread." Somebody suggests trying to borrow some from the second flat. This is attempted and is successful. "Swede" proudly brings home the "sugar" and there is plenty to go around.

By this time the toast is ready and so is the coffee, and believe me we are off. The once high tiers of toast are descending very much faster than they ascended. The coffee pot is getting lighter as it goes around, and the jam jar is getting transparent all the way down. As you look around you see Marcotte standing, spoon in coffee, slice of toast always in his hand or mouth, gulping and laughing simultaneously. MacKenzie sitting near the table, eating and enjoying himself, with Macdonald peacefully stretched out on Bill's bed, eating and drinking in real comfort. Andy Brown is standing at the window with McKergow, and it can be plainly seen that they are wanting for nothing. The rest of the fellows, Bill, Hal Ross and "Swede", are seated on Bill's other table, and if we were figuring it up, I think they each go to the toast and jam about the same number of times in a night.

The conversation varies greatly, sometimes we talk of sports, then of politics or religion and sometimes — of Bob Dorfman, who left us at Christmas. We miss Bob, and wish he were back again. He liked these "feeds" and was always ready to get in on one.

Well, the toast is getting lower and the boys slowly drift away to their rooms, washing the coffee pot and their cups. There are still two eating, Hal and "Swede." After a few minutes, Hal comes out.

We go into our rooms after putting away our utensils, and get in bed. The minutes pass, more minutes pass, then Bill's voice, "I have to go to bed, Farley, take that toast with you." And he does!

Another feed is over, and we spend another sleepless night. But I'm sure all the fellows agree that it is worth it, even though one does hear an odd groan or moan amid the snores. But soon the ill effects wear off and again we hear, "Hurrah boys for another "Midnight Feed."

— Roger McKergow.



As we pass from these ancient walls,
From out the long and winding halls,
We carry with us food for thought
Ideas learned and customs taught.
We'll use the good of everything
And watch success that they will bring
For we've been clad with an armour new
And what we've learned is good and true.
And when on looking back through years
Perhaps through deep but happy tears,
We'll hold in love and well known fame
Stanstead College's honoured name.

— Don Ross.

THE AIRPORT

Just outside of Springfield, Massachusetts, there is a large airport. There are usually a number of boys from the city there, waiting around and doing errands on their bicycles from one end of the field to the other.

There are eleven hangars at the port, three on one side, and eight two-place ones on the other side. Three of the two-place hangars are occupied by the three Ford Tri-Motor 'planes and most of the small planes are owned by men of the city. On the main hangar there is a double set of search-lights that shine all night, trying to pick up mail planes. In a small hangar there is a race plane painted green and yellow; this is a low-wing monoplane.

The port is so interesting that it is hard to leave. As soon as you reach the city and it begins to grow dusky, the search-lights are turned on and they remind you of the place and the time you spent enjoying yourself there.

— Billy Moore, Grade VI.



FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

February twenty-second, Washington's birthday, is a wonderful day for the inhabitants of Eau Gallie and for those who live near enough to go there for the day. Eau Gallie is a small village about the centre of the east coast of Florida. It is five miles inland, situated on a small river. Every year there is a great celebration on the twenty-second of February. The principal events of the day are a fish-fry, a flower show, sports, a water carnival and a dance.

The first event of the day is the children's parade, then an address by some famous speaker. Next comes the fish-fry. The fish are fried in deep fat. The fat is in a large pan, like a maple sugar pan, which is placed on a low arch over a fire. The fish are put in shallow racks of chicken-wire. Three of the racks fit crosswise into the large pan. The racks have handles on them so they can be taken out of the fat when the fish are cooked. Paper plates with rolls and fish on them are given to the people. The Boy Scouts and Girl Guides have charge of booths at which popcorn, ice cream and soft drinks may be bought.

Before the fish-fry is all over, each of the tourists' camps near Eau Gallie put on a short musical programme. After this there are shuffleboard and horseshoe contests. Nearly everyone in the South plays

either shuffleboard or horseshoe, so there always a great many in these contests. Often the champion players of the state are there.

Now the Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts put on a programme which consists of all kinds of races — running races, potato races and sack races — and a few short demonstrations of the different kinds of work they learn. After the races everybody goes to the flower show. At this show are exhibited over twenty varieties of water lilies, beautiful roses, pansies, phlox and plants common to us all, as well as many rare ones.

About three o'clock there are diamond-ball games. Teams often come as far as fifty miles to these games. After the ball games, until it is dark there is not much going on, but as soon as it is dark there is a water carnival put on by the Eau Gallie Yacht Club at the Eau Gallie Basin. Most of the boats are very graceful and beautiful. Many are lighted with colored lanterns which look nice on the water. There are a few costly yachts in the carnival, as the river is dredged from the ocean to the Basin and the boats can easily go that far up the river.

As soon as the boats have gone by, fireworks are set off from a small island near the shore. The last thing of the day is a dance, at which everybody has a good time.

After this day of celebrating everybody returns home tired but happy. They talk about it for a while, then think about it until the next year when there is another celebration.

— Alice Turner.



ADOLF HITLER

(A German veteran addresses a men's club in London, England)

During the past few years you have, as has every other country in the world, realized with increasing alarm that the Nazi movement has gained the decided favour of the large majority in Germany, and seems to be preparing that country for an almost inevitable war.

Adolf Hitler has asked for, and been granted, four years of absolute power, during which time he hopes to set Germany on her feet. I, personally, think that if he accomplishes this in the allotted space of time, he will have worked a miracle, so heavy are the odds against him. Germany, under Hitler's dictatorship, will not regain equality by war. Germany is as anxious for peace as is any other nation today, and Hitler fully realizes that no man can live happily while he is at loggerheads

with his neighbour. He is interested in restoring Germany to her former position among the World Powers, as is every loyal German.

How can anyone think we want another war? Did we not see as much suffering and bloodshed in the last war as the French, the English, or the Americans? Were not our homes and families ruined as were theirs? Do they think we are entirely void of feeling and sentiment? It's lunacy to imagine that we want to go through that again.

True, Germany is arming herself to some extent, but her very geographical position explains that. She is bordered on every side, by sworn allies of France. Yes, she is arming herself, certainly not for aggressive warfare, but to protect herself in case of attack, which, if it comes, will come from every side. France, as she increases her supply of arms, demands that we lessen ours. Can we be expected to lay down our arms while countries round us are determined that we be kept in submission?

No, I repeat, Hitler's policy is most emphatically not war. He is bending his efforts towards the remedying of the unemployment situation. He is the 'Man of the Hour' in Germany. We have put our trust in him, and are confident of his support. We know that if Hitler should fail, it will be through no fault of his own, and we have every hope that, under his guidance, Germany will, in four years, be well on the road to recovery.

— Peggy Lamb.

— ♦ —

THE OLD, OLD STORY

Ho Hum!
Half past eight,
Pretty sure
To be late,
Got to walk
Half a mile,
Told to hurry
All the while,

Hears the bell,
Starts to run,
Out of breath
Can't be done.
Questions asked
No excuse,
'Round the Heart',
"Aw, what's the use?"

— Peggy Lamb.

— ♦ —

CAN YOUTH PREVENT WAR?

A challenge of most startling import lies before the world today — the prevention of war and the promotion of peace. It is to Youth we must look for both.

War, cruel, bloody war, must stop. Shall the flowering youth of a country be slaughtered because a few statesmen believe that they cannot be last in the race for armaments or world trade? Shall the youth of a country be killed because of a false patriotism — "Your country, right or wrong?"

Youth can and must prevent war. If the youth of a country refused to fight, there could be no war. This is true patriotism. War has in every way, been proved useless and utterly wrong. Economically, it gains nothing for a country, but leaves it burdened with tremendous debt. Socially, it involves a useless sacrifice of young men, a loss which can never be regained. Morally, war is wrong.

If the youth of all the world united in refusing to fight, if they refused to follow the lead of a few selfish statesmen whose desire is war, if with a true love of mankind they said, "No. we will not fight. War is utterly wrong, and we will not be the means of butchering other men —" then, could countries war with one another?

How could this be accomplished? It perhaps sounds impossible now, but I firmly believe that it could be brought about by education. If from birth, children were taught to be citizens of the world, — if they were not given the idea "Canada, Germany, Great Britain, or France above all else," if no ardent nationalism was instilled in them, then this could be accomplished. It is the task of mothers to teach this to their sons and daughters. It is the task of schools to further point this out. It is the task of governments to promote and understand between their youth and the youth of other nations.

If the youth of the world will base its desire for peace on firm conviction; learning and accepting the only terms on which there can be peace, then and then only peace will come. We must break away from this vicious circle of calculation and self interest, and hold all our deliberations in a spirit of genuine confidence and complete good will.

— Frieda Bindman.



My Valentine

I'm the valentine that sat on the wall,
I'm the valentine that had a great fall.
It wasn't a fall from the wall so high
And it wasn't a fall from out of the sky,
But it was a fall for a valentine, —
I'll be yours if you'll be mine!

— Billy McKeage, Gr. VI.

GLOOSCAP, THE MYTHICAL WONDER-MAN OF THE MICMACS

Of all the tales told of Indian mythology, perhaps the most noted stories are about the super man, Glooscap, who inhabited the Maritime Provinces. The Micmacs, and other tribes of Indians, regarded him as the supreme God that lived among them, but was always invisible. He never grew old and was immortal. He was unmarried and lived in a large wigwam with an old lady who was his housekeeper and servant. He controlled the forces of nature and was thought to be very hospitable and generous. Even the animals were under his sway. His favorite haunt was Cape Blomidon in the Minas Basin, Nova Scotia. It is here that his name was given him, Glooscapweek (meaning Glooscap's home).

The Indians believed implicitly in his powers and even to-day stories are still told about his doings. Among the many quaint stories told about Glooscap, the most interesting has to do with the Reversing Falls at St. John, New Brunswick. Here the St. John river narrows to about 350 feet, the limestone walls being 100 feet high and the river bed consisting of sharp ledges and large rocks. Twice in every twenty-four hours, the tides are in conflict. At low tide the St. John river empties into the harbour and at high tide the harbour water empties into the St. John river. These falls have become famous all over Canada for their reversible action, hence their name. The story I have to tell concerns the Beaver.

Big Beaver was annoying the other animals to such a degree that Glooscap warned him to behave himself. The beaver, not hearing the warning, kept up his practice till Glooscap started to hunt for him. Becoming frightened, Big Beaver fled to the mouth of the river and there built such a big dam, that the country was flooded for many miles. When Glooscap saw this work, he became angry and struck it with his huge club. So great was the rush of water, that it carried away a piece of land and deposited it in the Harbour. This island is now known as Partridge Island. Finally Glooscap found the beaver and killed him, decreeing that henceforth the beaver should always build dams as a punishment for his misdeeds. He always smote him with his club, thus giving him his flat tail.

In the year 1635 a huge log became fixed in the falls, and the Indians were very frightened thinking that the Gods were against them. To them it was a devil and when the devil was angry it was not visible. They offered as tributes, beaver skins shot with the bow and arrow into the log.

About 80 miles up the river are two islands resembling snow-

shoes and said to have been left by Glooscap in his haste when going North one time. They are to-day called "The Snowshoe Islands."

About many rivers and places in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have been woven historical Indian legends and Glooscap figures in many of them. Partridge Island in Minas Basin, Nova Scotia, has many legends concerning the name of Glooscap and it is with interest that these myths are traced out.

— Marcelle Gorham.



A SUMMER'S NIGHT

The moon is sailing overhead,
And countless stars are in the sky,
The lowing cattle are in bed,
And sound asleep is every fly.

The nightingale nigh bursts his throat,
He sings so loud and shrill,
It echoes now and once again —
Across the grassy hill.

The moonlight shines on the silvery lake
Where the fishes sport and prance.
And in the sky the Northern lights,
Keep up a perpetual dance.

The mountains with their rocky crags
Stand out against the moonlight sky,
And here and there a lonely owl
Lets forth his haunting cry.

"Teddy" Edward Fisher,

Gr. III



GETTING BACK INTO HISTORY

Supposing that the eminent historians, Seller and Yeatman, are right, that the method of history is to appraise men or their actions one at a time and conclude by labelling each a "good thing," or, "a bad

thing," still it is a method that requires insight and erudition that I do not possess. I feel that I do know a sheep when I see one but I am not sure that I always know a goat. For instance I know that it was a good thing when a man in ancient Egypt watched the stars long enough to observe that some of them were fixed and others roving, but I am not sure when one of his descendants, wholly submissive to the will of Allah as revealed by Mohammed, pokes his sword through a Christian or a Jew, that that is an absolutely bad thing.

Please observe, however, that I do not say that it was *not* a bad thing. I just don't know; but I am sure of one thing, the Arab I mention is "in history" as surely as the watcher of the stars. He has a job to do and he does it. If he feels that Allah gives him a job which is congenial to his tastes it is just his good fortune. The Christian's part just as surely is to endure the poking with no hard feelings. If he fails more frequently than the Arab in conforming to the will of his God, we must judge him with charity. We all see through a glass darkly, some less darkly than others, thanks not to our superior eyes or any difference in the changeless light beyond, but to the nature of the glass. Light does go through and if we admit it we are admitting God into our hearts. It may be that we see only the power and the justice of God and in surrendering to these we are emptied of the very milk of human kindness, but we are in history. The glass may be shattered so that the refracted light gives inhabitants of a southern island weird notions of a God in the heart of a volcano who wants to be appeased by the yearly sacrifice of a human being. In a most primitive way, even this makes history.

When the Christian idea of God as Father comes to that island and dispels the notion of the angry God in the volcano, an easy task now with the help of natural science, the people will be ready for the Christian message of self-sacrifice and suffering. They will not be wholly insensitive to a spiritual appeal.

But who then, is not in history, and what does it profit a man to be in history in such company? Before answering either of these questions, let us fill in the circle a little. It is obviously a wide circle including anyone who has surrendered his will either deliberately or without reflection to an authority higher than his own — not, of course, to a bigger man. I am sure that the communist, who for the state, subjects all his personal desires to the exacting discipline of his party, is in history; and by the same token one must grant the same of the out and out Fascist. He plunges on towards the pit with his right hand raised in salute to a man intoxicated with the dregs of a century and a half of

Godless romanticism and naturalism but he is living by orders, not by feelings, and the salute is to more than a man.

Glancing at another point of this great circle of people who are in history we see a slave working on his bit of the frieze of the Parthenon. Whatever his personal taste or his mood towards his master, he holds true to the demand of his craft and the trust reposed in him. It is his great freedom. He conforms to the demands that speak in his innermost soul and those who call him slave know that it is not they whom he obeys.

Look at the Captain of the *Hadotis*, the first ship to come into Montreal harbour this spring. He has spent very few years at school but fifty-one of his seventy-two years at sea. He plays with a string of amber beads to steady the trembling of an old man's hand. But his eye and his soul are steady. He has always been in history doing the biddings summed up in the once meaningful, and to him still meaningful expression, "For God and Home and Native Land."

Who, then, is not in history? Of course there are the Tomlinsons, those that weep that "they bin too small to sin to the height of their desire" or as Byron calls them "libels on both God and the Devil," no credit to the skill in craftsmanship of either, trying to reap harvests in two words. Then there are the men of "prey" that we hear so much about, the marauders and their descendants. They have made history, but to quote Byron again, such history is the Devil's Bible. Their descendants are less impressive now that they have moved into cities and become obese, but they reveal the truth at last that might is not right. They have always been a drag on history, these super-men.

But the ones I know best and sympathise with most are those who are just suspended in time, oscillating between frenzied action and paralysis, and lucky if it does not all end in depravity. Some are sophisticated. That is, they have passed from credulity to enlightenment without passing on to reverence. The world has been too much of a disappointment to them, and so they have become "realists." Others have passed on to reverence but find no power or joy and just hold grimly on. Carlyle and Stevenson are more help to them than the Bible because they, like Carlyle and Stevenson, do not understand or accept the terms laid down in Scripture.

The second question should surely be answered by now, that is, how it benefits a man to be in history in such company. It is answered by the process of elimination. It is just too awful anywhere outside. It becomes clear that no sense of reality in life can be achieved on other terms than taking orders from a higher authority.

The question still remains, "How are we to get back into history?" which, put another way is this, "Whose orders am I going to take?" If you can give your loyalty to king and country and march off in high spirits to the next war, do so. If you can give your whole loyalty to some Fascist or Socialist political scheme, do so; but in all probability you who read this particular paragraph will not be able to give undivided loyalty to any such claimant.

God as revealed by Christ has been trying to claim our loyalty since earliest infancy, but we have tried first to please ourselves. We have wanted peace, personal and national, but we have wanted it on our own terms and not on the terms of the Prince of Peace. We have wanted it only if our claims can be protected and we have been unwilling to accept blows that we did not deserve. Now we are brought face to face with a choice between chaos and God's orders. If we accept these orders once and for all, deliberately, and keep on accepting them from day to day we find our "higher selves" released from the drag of self. Self, in the full sense, is still there, but as someone has said, "Now when the Devil puts up his head we can just yawn." This is a bit too breezy to express the truth for most of us, but even so, the margin in which anger and laziness and other aspects of selfishness operate is appreciably diminished. The result is of course that we get on with our jobs. Plato's definition of justice, or better of righteousness, is just this, "Each one doing what he is supposed to do." Such a person is in history, and the history of a nation of such persons will not be the Devil's Bible. We who come back into history on Christ's terms, that is, taking orders from God, possess a universal solvent of antipathies. We find that the swords and spears and animosities that we have seen warring in all parts of the earth are warring in our own souls and at last they vanish in the universal solvent of acceptance and performance of God's will.

— D. J. F. Scott.



GINSENG

(*Panax Quinguefolium*)

Of the two hundred medicinal plants and herbs which grow in Canada and the United States, there are two which rank much higher than the others in importance and value. These two are Ginseng and Golden Seal.

Ginseng, which is the more valuable and interesting of the two,

has its market in China. It is very rare and grows only in well-drained, hardwood localities. This plant is a perennial and sometimes lives for ninety years. The leaves grow in sprays of five and extend out, from a stock three to eighteen inches in height. The root is fleshy and something like parsnip in shape and color. Some roots are forked and shaped like a man. In fact the word Ginseng is derived from the Chinese word "jintsan" meaning "man-like plant." The flowers are greenish-yellow in colour. The berries are bright and crimson when ripe.

Ginseng was first discovered in America by Father Jartoux, who had served in China and came as a missionary to Canada. From the time of this discovery, the digging and exportation of this root has been an important industry in Canada and the States.

There are five main classes in the Ginseng family which differ slightly from one another. Imperial Ginseng is the highest grade, and is grown in the royal parks and gardens in China. Its value ranges from \$40 to \$200 a pound. Of course this Ginseng is exceedingly rare and is used by only the wealthiest nobles of China's "Four Hundred."

The second quality is the Manchurian and Korean Ginseng, which grows wild in the rugged mountains of Manchuria and Korea. It is worth from \$15 to \$35 a pound and its use is also limited to the upper class.

Next in importance comes the American Ginseng, which is used by all of China's swarming millions who can possibly afford it. It is valued at from \$5 to \$12 a pound.

Japanese Ginseng is inferior in quality and is used by only the poorest Chinese. There is some Japanese Ginseng in America, but because of its inferior quality it is not desired.

The last quality of Ginseng is globular in shape and is practically worthless. It is called Dwarf Ginseng.

The Chinese have believed Ginseng to be a cure for practically all diseases of mind and body for centuries. They think, if used often enough, it will lengthen their lives by a decade or more. Ginseng is slightly medicinal, but it is mainly because of this superstition, handed down from generation to generation, that the root is so valuable. In fact, the drinking of the tea has become almost a religion, and a wild Manchurian root, shaped like a man, will bring six hundred times its weight in silver.

Chinese nobles resent the imputation of superstitions to their people but the fact remains, that the more fantastically shaped the root is, the more potent is the brew made from it, in Chinese eyes.

The Chinese prepare the root by stewing it in small silver pots.

This Ginseng tea is very aromatic. If drunk before retiring it is conducive to refreshing sleep.

Think of some mandarin in musty, flowing robes, squatting before his Buddah in the dimness of some secret recess, and brewing his priceless, life-giving fluid. When a person studies this plant, he studies China, and the whole spirit of the Orient is breathed into him. Few people, indeed, can resist the mysteries of the East.

Although Ginseng has little value medicinally, it is certain to be a valuable export for many years to come. The Chinese are slow to change their habits. They worship their ancestors and drink Ginseng tea. They will always worship their ancestors and drink Ginseng tea.

— Harold Ross, B.B.C.



It Must Be The Weather

Isn't it funny that when you meet
A teacher walking on the street,
She is nice and says to you
"Hello, good-day, or how-do-you-do?"

But in the morning when school begins
Off many faces go the grins,
For the teacher, instead of "how-do-you-do,"
Yells and hollers and screams at you
To do your work and stop your talking —
She's not at all like when she's walking!
It must be the weather, I would say,
That makes the teachers act that way.

I'm going to speak to some movie director
About the teacher being an actor,
For she might be as famous as Clark Gable
If she'd act as well as she is able.
Still I think it's the weather that changes teachers
From turtle-doves to terrible screechers.

— Billy McKeage, Gr. VI.



The government educators now say that the small savings bank trains children to be misers. Our observation is that it teaches their parents to be bank-robbers.

JUST AN ACCIDENT

Two sisters were out walking on a bright afternoon, when they saw an old lady going along the street, carrying some bundles. As the girls were trying to decide whether to help the woman and lose an afternoon's fun or not, some other girls came in sight. When they reached the sisters, one of the sisters' minds was made up — the old lady could carry her own bundles. The other sister knowing that her conscience would bother her all afternoon, as she did not know how far the lady had to go, said that she would help the lady, instead of joining the other girls. The girl after much persuasion got the lady to give her her parcels. After a short time the girl realized that her companion was not an old lady at all, but a man dressed in an old lady's costume. She realized this fact, because her companion's hands were large and ungainly, the stride of this person was uncommonly long, and thirdly because the parcels had seemed to complete the old lady's outfit and without them she was very uncomfortable.

The girl did some quick thinking, and without letting her companion know her thoughts, remarked that she had to speak to a friend, but would be back again very soon. She took the parcels with her, so that her companion would have to wait if she wanted her bundles. The old lady not dreaming that the girl thought her anything but an old woman, waited patiently for her. The next thing the old lady knew, was that she was wearing hand-cuffs and riding in a police wagon.

The girl who had suspected the old lady had called up the police from a friend's house. The policeman had gone to the spot and found as they had thought they might, a murderer who was an escaped convict in a woman's clothes. As it happened, there was a large reward for the capture of this man and this the girl received. When she was asked about the whole matter and her bravery she said that it was just an accident, that she had found anything at all out of the way about her companion.

— Elizabeth Tilton.



AN OPEN LETTER

Fellow students:

Since it is nearing the end of the term and everyone is beginning to think seriously, it is an excellent time to recommend to those of you who will be here next year something which, besides affording you great enjoyment during the year, will also be a great asset to you in after life.

Now I don't know if your curiosity is aroused but I am certain that it must be since I have mentioned enjoyment. But, as we are speaking of enjoyment, let us think of some of the enjoyable events that have taken place this year. At present I am thinking of the dance that was held the other Saturday evening. Everyone enjoyed it. And who made it possible for you to enjoy that evening's entertainment? It was the Seicl — the school's Literary Society. And now I suppose you all know what I have been driving at. I should like all of you — who are eligible — to join the Seicl next year — even if it is only to have another pleasant evening.

That however need and should not be the reason. The Seicl offers you an opportunity that should not be scoffed at. As a member of it you are aided in writing, public speaking and, to a certain extent in acting. And what other thing, besides your ordinary schoolwork, are more important to you after you leave school?

Now I could expound these points! I could tell you of what great importance things are to you and make a great speech on it. But there is no need to do this. You are no longer children. You know what is necessary and what isn't and you are all conscious of the fact that these qualities are essential to a successful person.

And now in closing, I shall ask you to recall this line from the "Alma Mater":- "We're gaining and education to fit us for after life." Then since the knowledge that you gain in a Literary Society does fit you for after life, I ask you again for your own welfare to join the Literary Society here or in any other school which you may attend.

— S. Porter.



Wheel of Life.

Around, around goes the wheel of life
Making a circle of work and strife
There are troubles that come and go away,
And we watch little children out at play.
The world seems full of men who're blind
But there are many people kind:
Our world has joy as well as sorrow,
We'll cry today and laugh tomorrow.

— Billy McKeage,
Grade VI.

SPIRITUAL RE-BIRTH AT STANSTEAD

People talk about the Renaissance and are still in hopes of another great "Revival of Learning." The Renaissance we read of in history started in the monasteries or places of learning, about the beginning of the fourteenth century.

If people would only open their eyes and look around they would find that there are again the beginnings of a Renaissance. Stanstead can be compared to a monastery where the Renaissance had its roots. We may not have great writers and famous men such as Petrarch and Leonardo da Vinci, but we have men, I think who are probably as good thinkers.

The teachers at Stanstead can be compared to the monks who taught in the monasteries and were thinkers. The pupils participate in the same spirit and do their thinking along the same lines.

If you look around you can see the improvement. I ask you not to look at the ones that are naturally thick-headed but the ones that can grasp the significance of a little learning.

The chance of broadening one's mind at Stanstead is unlimited. It just depends upon the person and how much ambition he has.

— G. Whitehead.





La Fierté Ridicule

Un sourd, qui n'aimait pas à convenir de son infirmité, marchait un jour dans la rue. Un de ses camarades qui passait de l'autre côté de la rue, a décidé de se moquer à ses dépens.

Il a mis les mains à ses joues, et a ouvert la bouche aussi grande qu'il pouvait, comme s'il poussait des cris. Mais il n'a proféré aucun son.

Cet expédient a fait accourir son ami. "Pourquoi hurles-tu si fort?" demanda-t-il tout hors d'haleine, "Penses-tu qu'on ne t'entend pas?"

— Frieda Bindamn, Gr. XI.

Une Après-midi au Bois.

L'été passé s'il faisait beau, je prenais mon chien et je faisais une promenade dans les bois. Mon chien aimait ces promenades, et il trottait à côté de moi, avec une expression de tranquillité sur sa figure.

Quelquefois pour montrer sa joie il sautait pour attraper un joli papillon aux ailes jaunes, ou, peut-être encore suivait-il l'ombre d'un oiseau au passage.

Une fois, nous avons trouvé un endroit ombrageux, où nous pouvions guetter les animaux qui passaient. Quand nous restions bien tranquilles nous voyions une perdrix et sa famille, composée de deux ou trois petits de la couleur des feuilles, pour mieux se cacher. Au moindre bruit la perdrix commençait à glousser et à étendre ses ailes; les petits s'y cachaient.

Quelquefois le silence était interrompu par les cris des geais ou par la chanson des alouettes, ou des rouges-gorges qui appelaient leurs compagnes. Aussi n'était-il pas rare de voir un hibou voler au-dessus

des arbres, on dit que les hiboux ne peuvent pas voir en plein jour, mais, moi, je ne le crois pas.

Quelquefois mon chien et moi, nous voyions des écureuils, qui gambadaient d'arbre en arbre; et nous pouvions les entendre casser une coquille de noix.

A la nuit tombante un lapin est venu sautiller autour de nous. Sans doute qu'il cherchait de quoi manger.

A ce moment la rosée commençait à tomber et ce fut bien à regret que nous sommes rentrés.

— E. Middleton, Gr. XI.

Ma Plume et Mon Crayon

Un jour que j'avais placé ma plume à côté de mon crayon sur mon pupitre, j'ai entendu une petite voix basse qui disait.

"Que je suis donc fatiguée aujourd'hui! J'ai travaillé toute l'avant midi presque sans repos, et maintenant, je serai heureuse si elle me donne cinq minutes pour reprendre haleine, es-tu fatigué, toi "Crayon?"

A son tour le crayon a raconté à la plume ses malheurs de la journée. "Mais", dit le crayon, "que ferions-nous si nous n'avions pas de travail?"

"Je ne sais", dit la plume, "je n'ai jamais pensé à cela car je travaille toujours, mais il me semble que je serais si heureuse si je n'avais rien à faire."

"Pas moi", dit le crayon, "tu devrais avoir honte de ne pas vouloir travailler."

"Je travaille autant que toi, et même plus que toi, car les élèves se servent plus de plumes que de crayons," dit la plume en se fâchant. "Je sais ce que je vais faire, je vais me cacher entre ses livres et elle me pensera perdue, alors j'aurai le temps de me reposer un peu, et quand elle me trouvera je serai bien capable de travailler encore."

"Mais ce n'est pas juste, tu ne devrais pas faire cela," dit le crayon.

"Non," dit la plume, "tu as peur qu'elle se serve de toi, si elle ne peut pas me trouver, et cela te donnera plus d'ouvrage."

"Tu te trompes, je ne pensais même pas à cela, je n'ai pas peur d'un peu de travail comme toi, mon amie," répliqua le crayon.

"Et bien ne te fâche pas, je voulais te taquiner un peu, mais puisque je n'ai pas réussi et que ma maîtresse à maintenant besoin de moi,

je vais essayer de faire mon travail, et de ne plus me plaindre. Je te souhaite bonne chance mon amie, et au revoir."

A ces mots j'ai pris ma plume, et je me suis mise à écrire, mais depuis ce temps-là j'ai essayé de me servir de mon crayon autant que de ma plume pour éviter tout malentendu entre ces deux amis fidèles de l'écolier.

— Theresa Laythe, Gr. IX.

"Un jour que j'ai fait l'école buissonnière."

Un jour il y a longtemps je suis allée à l'école de très bonne heure. Arrivée là, une amie m'a demandé de rester avec elle pour la journée. Comme je n'avais pas préparé mes leçons du jour je suis partie avec elle.

Il y avait une ferme en face de l'école et en voyant approcher des élèves nous avons couru nous cacher dans la grange où nous sommes restées jusqu'à dix heures.

Fatiguées de nous tenir si tranquilles nous sommes parties pour le bois marchant toujours en ligne avec la grange, pour nous cacher.

Je pense que c'est pendant que nous allions de la grange au bois que l'institutrice nous a vues la première fois.

Quand nous sommes arrivées à la sucrerie nous avons examiné tout ce que nous pouvions voir et sans doute nous avons fait bien des choses que nous n'aurions pas dû.

A midi nous avons retourné à la cabane. Après avoir choisi un siège à l'ombre d'un arbre j'ai mangé mon goûter.

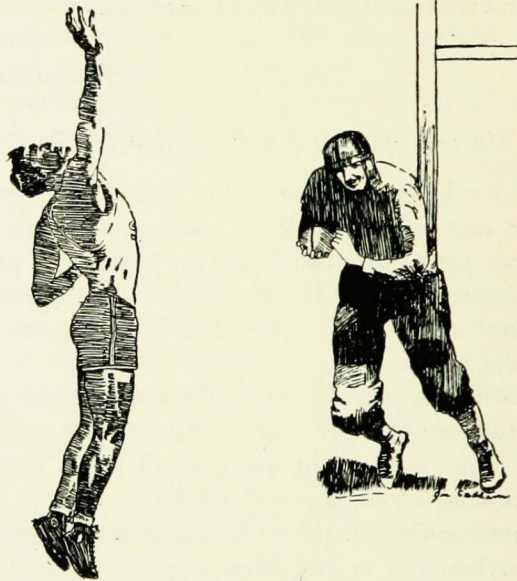
Vers une heure mon amie s'en est revenue de chez-elle et nous avons essayé de rentrer dans la maison. Après beaucoup de travail nous avons réussi à ouvrir une fenêtre. Nous avons peur de rester dans la maison tout l'après-midi comme la vieille qui était la propriétaire de cette ferme y faisait une visite presque tous les jours. Vers trois heures, lasses de nos expériences nous sommes allées à la maison de mon amie.

A quatre heures je suis retournée chez-moi. Le lendemain l'institutrice m'a demandé pourquoi je n'étais pas à l'école la veille et m'a demandé de lui apporter une lettre de ma mère.

Ce soir là très effrayée j'ai raconté à ma mère tout ce que j'avais fait, et sachant que c'était la première fois et que se serait la dernière, elle m'a pardonné mon étourderie.

— S. Roberts, Gr. IX.

SPORT



RUGBY

Several of the ancients in the College say that approximately six modern records fell to this year's rugby team. To enumerate each one would become lengthy, but the fact that so many records were broken typifies our last year's team.

Our chances for a good team at the opening of school looked rather hopeless, but after two weeks of conditioning, there arose in the minds of a few, the idea that maybe we had the material for a good rugby team. Very soon we formed into a line-up, and practice at our different positions became a close study. When we had mastered the work to be done at our positions, plays were developed.

By this time we had some idea of our ability, and began to look forward to our coming schedule, not with dread, but a hope for the best.

To Mr. Amaron, our coach, who is well known in intercollegiate rugby circles, goes a large part of the credit and success which we experienced this year.

We had a fine captain and quarterback in L. T. Bready, and at times it was only his biting talk and good management that carried us through.



The first scheduled game of the season was with U. B. C. Jrs. Stanstead won, the score being 19 - 0. Stanstead also won the return game 22 - 2. The big event of the season was the game Stanstead won over S. H. S. 15 - 10. Even though we lost when we played in Sherbrooke we proved that we could beat the Sherbrooke team. The last two games of the season were home and home games with B.C.S. Stanstead won its home game but lost the second.

If Stanstead had won she would have held the undisputed top position in the league. As it was she tied for first place.

Stanstead played three exhibition games, winning one. The Old Boys won the first 33 - 1. Stanstead won over Quebec 7 - 3 and lost to St. Pats.

The games were livened up by long passes from Bready to Farley and Vipond and "sleepers" out to Johnson. The following are the boys that made the team: Bready, Hurn, Adam, Gordon, Waterman, Austin, Bennett, Farley, Johnson, Vipond, Wells MacNab, Barnard, Whitehead, Channell, Greer, Campbell, Luker, Leavitt, Marcotte, Sisco, Scott.

HOCKEY

That the system of hockey inaugurated by Mr. "Mac" Mowle and his confreres is a good one was again demonstrated in the season 1933-34. We need not take time to argue concerning the merits and demerits of "specialization" and "generalization." However, in this particular instance we believe in the latter, for hockey was decidedly a game for all, a game in which no one person was exceedingly expert, but in which everyone shared and improved the general level of the whole. More than eighty youngsters played hockey this winter, and it is safe to say each and everyone enjoyed the games, and came through the season not only a better hockey player, but a better sport.

The system adopted was the same as last year, namely, four house teams, each composed of eleven players, made up the "league", while a further division into juniors and midgets took care of the younger boys. The "league" teams each had a goal-tender and five first string players who shared the game time with five substitute players, the former playing on an average three seven minute periods and the latter three six minute periods per game. Each team played two games against each other team, and at the end of the schedule the first two ranking teams played off for the Patrick Trophy, while the third and fourth teams played off for the last two positions.

The league games were nearly all closely contested, with the sub-

stitute lines making the really deciding scores. Teams captained by Earle Farley and Donald Ross finished in that order in the league schedule, and Ross's cohorts succumbed to Farley and his "horse-shoe" net-minder, Murray Pritchard, in two games, scores 3-2, 3-2. Congratulations, Swissmen!

Saturday mornings from 10 - 11:30 were reserved for juniors and midgets. The juniors played a game at Ayer's Cliff, which took overtime play to decide in favour of the Cliff, the score being 6 - 5. In a return game the juniors clearly showed their supremacy by defeating the Cliff 6 - 1. Judging by junior performance, there will be no dearth of hockey players at S.W.C. for many years to come. The midgets engaged no outside teams, but played several hard-fought games under the leadership of popularly elected captains.

After the league was completed, about a dozen boys were chosen to make a trip to Quebec. The train was many hours late, however, and those of the hockey team who also played basketball, were engaged in that sport, while seven iron men from S.W.C. defeated Commissioner's High Hockey squad in a 1-0 game. This hockey-basketball trip is one which few of the players will forget in a hurry. The Quebec boys acted as hosts to the S.W.C. lads, and all thoroughly enjoyed a brief visit to our ancient capital.

This year, again, several of the boys were farmed out to Border League teams, and both of the finalists in this league had College members on their line-ups. Stanstead Black Hawks had five College men, and perhaps they were responsible for making Stanstead the Border League Champions.

It is difficult for S.W.C. to play against outside squads because of the inconvenience of travel. However, we believe that it is better to allow the many boys to get experience and pleasure from the game, than to sacrifice their hockey time to a College first team. Many of this year's hockey enthusiasts will be back with us next year, and we all look forward to another successful season.

— F. T. Brown.

BASKETBALL

Basketball, this year was a game in which all took part. In the House League games, of which there were thirty-eight, approximately seventy players took part. The House League before Christmas consisted of eight (8) teams, in two divisions; Senior:- Staff, the Johnsonians, the Farley Clan, and the Hurnites; Junior:- the Owls, the Mice, the Bats and the Moles.

In the games held twice a week many of the younger fellows learned the fine points of the game from the senior players, and at the close of the League, there was little to choose from among the different teams. As a result of these games several new players stepped into the regular senior practices and soon became known for their ruggedness and their ability to shoot.

The second House League, which was organized after Christmas, consisted of four teams led by Langley, Vipond, Redheffer and Ross. Again this league brought to light other new players of marked ability, and as a result the games were fast and evenly contested. Great interest in the games was shown by all players, and at the end of the schedule an All Star team was picked to play Langley's team, the winners of the League. Langley's "Invincibles" proved the stronger team and won 38-22.

House League Basketball was a great success during the past year. New material for next year was found and the hopes for a good team next year are high. All the games were keenly contested and throughout all of them a spirit of good fellowship was exhibited.

Mention must be made of an interesting game held between the Staff (Humans) and the students (Sub-humans). The latter proved superior to the former and won by a score of 25-10.

The Senior Squad's outside games opened with a win of 30-22 against Sherbrooke High School. This game was played before Christmas, but it was not until after the holidays that we played anymore outside games.

Although the Senior Basketball squad cannot claim more victories than defeats, it has the honour of defeating the renowned Newport "Independents" 19-12. Previously the Newporters had defeated us 36-10.

The trip to Quebec was one of great enjoyment throughout although we suffered a defeat of 28-16 at the hands of the Commercial High School team. Because of the late arrival of the train, several of the basketball players were forced to play in a hockey game (which was to have been played in the afternoon) and this accounts somewhat for our defeat. The Stanstead team is confident that a better showing could have been made if all the players had been able to play.

On March 10, the Derby Academy team defeated us by a margin of three points. This game was rough and rugged and it was evident that both teams were not at their best.

The Basketball season closed with two games against the Newport Rambling Aces. They proved to be the superior team and rambled over us both times with a lead of fifteen points. Considering that two

of their men had been All-State players, we did well to register as many points as we did.

Next year's team will lack the aid of Farley, co-captain with Hurn, Bready, Johnson and Ross, but the training received in this year's House League has been such that there will be several players to take their places.

Basketball was certainly a major sport this year for with seventy enthusiastic players taking part in nearly forty-five games, it played a large part in the College sport.

THE SENIOR TEAM

Whitehead		Redheffer
Hurn	} Co-Captains	Vipond
Farley		Langley
Johnson		Adam
Ross		Kneeland
Bready		MacNab
		Gordon

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Under the able guidance of Mrs. Amaron, the girls have had, on the whole, a very good basketball year. The first game was with Newport Centre, and the two teams were very evenly matched. The visitors won, however, with a score of 23-20. Our next game was played in Newport, with the Newport High School team. Both teams played well, but the Newport girls proved superior on the floor.

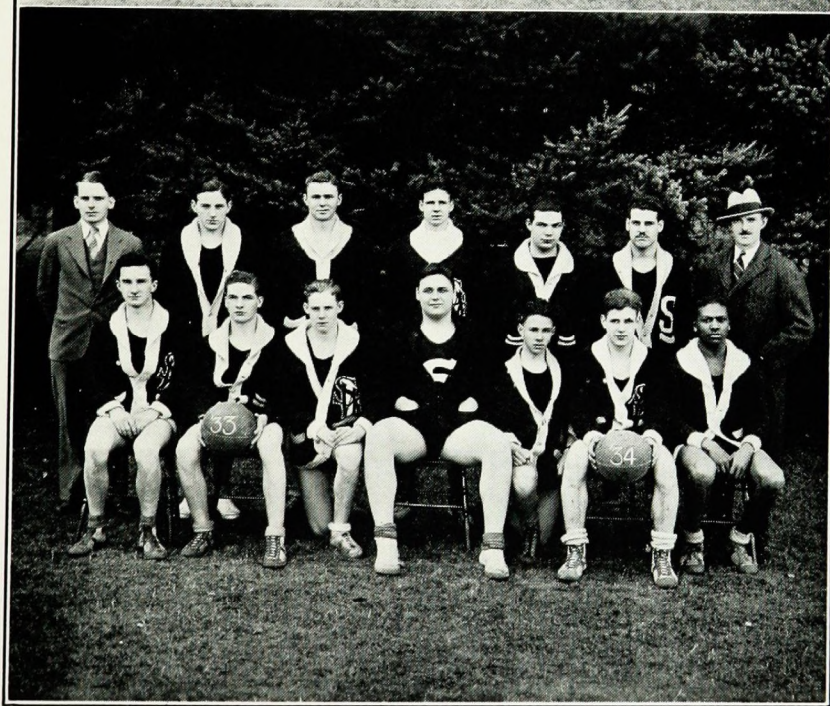
Our first victory came when we played the Old Girls, in our own gym, and won with a very close score of 24-22. This game showed excellent team-work on both sides.

The return game with Newport High School showed marked improvement in our playing, and, though Newport won, the game was very even.

Early in March, the team went to Montreal to play the Study, and although we met defeat, the trip was well worth while, for we learned a great deal about basketball playing.

We were able to finish the season with a victory when we played a return game with Newport Centre.

A House League was organized which gave everyone good practice, and was great fun. In this, the playing of the Staff team proved superior to that of the girls, and their championship was well earned.



Much credit is due to Mrs. Amaron for the splendid work and training which she gave to the girls in this sport.

The Team

E. MacDonald, forward - Captain; P. Hill, forward; P. Lamb, s. centre; D. La Roche, j. centre; B. Walsh, guard; A. Cameron, guard.
Subs. — F. Bindman, C. Philip, B. Bliss, A. Laythe, and C. Seifert, Mgr.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

This has been the third year of girls' hockey, and each year finds us more enthusiastic than the last.

With the valuable assistance of Mrs. Amaron and Mrs. Brown, we played two games with the Annex losing the first and winning the second.

Towards the end of the season, we played a team from Beebe High School, which, with the help of Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Amaron, we won, with a score of 12-0.

We wish to express our appreciation of the remarkable patience of our coach, Mrs. Amaron, who did wonders with the inexperienced girls who turned out.

TRACK

The first track meet the College team participated in during the fall term was held at Ayer's Cliff on Wednesday, September 13, on the final day of Stanstead County Annual Exhibition.

Many schools throughout the Eastern Townships sent representative teams in an attempt to snatch the coveted trophy from the defending champions, Stanstead College. Their efforts were in vain, however, and although the College team was 15 points behind half way through the meet, the renowned S.W.C. spirit never flagged and we finally won out by 28 points over our nearest competitors, Ayer's Cliff.

Since this trophy, emblematic of track supremacy in Stanstead County, was donated two years ago by Ayer's Cliff School Board, our College teams have been the winners of it each time.

Two years ago the first year it was competed for, our team was able to win by an overwhelming margin of points. Last year, however, we received the stiffest competition we had undergone, especially from the Cliff team.

Throughout the entire meet there was not the least sign of poor sportsmanship by any participant, which goes to show what a fine under-

standing exists between the educational institutions of the Eastern Townships, of which we are proud to be a part.

On May 12, the Inter-Class Track Meet was held, at which four records were shattered.

"Swede" Farley's throw, in the senior javelin event added twelve feet to the former record, making the standing record of 159 feet 9½ inches.

John Curtis, in the intermediate class, produced a new broad jump record with a leap of 16 feet 9 inches. David Bindman set a new junior broad jump record when he jumped 15 feet 5 inches.

In the midget class, Douglas Wadleigh's jump of 13 feet 2 inches created another record.

Bill Barnard obtained the greatest number of points in the senior class with four firsts and one third; Maurice Bushnell led the intermediate class with 16 points.

Grades Eight and Nine won the meet with 103 points; Grades Ten and Eleven came second with 57 points, next came Bugbee Business College and Grade Twelve with 39 points and finally Holmes Memorial School with 18 points.

As this is written preparations for the tenth annual Eastern Townships Track Meet are being made. Fourteen schools are sending in representatives, and approximately 140 athletes will take part in the meet.

Although our track and field team is not as strong as last year's, yet our representatives are in good condition and will be much in prominence in each event.

This year's Track Meet will see an open 440 yards race in which several of Stanstead's former stars will run.

FLASH.

Sherbrooke High School won the 10th E. T. Spring Inter-Scholastic Track Meet with 98 points. Stanstead was second with 46 points. A record number of schools participated and eight records were established. Douglas Wadleigh won the midget medal. Bill Amaron won the open 440 yard dash, with Jim Cadham second and Mr. F. T. Brown third. There were nine entries in this event. The weather was beautiful and there was a very large crowd present.

SOCCER

The boys of the school were introduced to the game of soccer, early this spring. Great interest was shown in the game and before long a Bugbee-Academy game was arranged, in which the Academy students were victorious 3 - 2.

Just after half-time Lens Luker, playing for the Academy, collided with another player and broke his leg.

The day-pupils of the Model School have organized themselves into teams, and each noon one can see two groups chasing the ball around the back campus.

In the senior games, held after school, some attempt has been made by the better players to obtain some form and technique, but for the greater part of the players it has not as yet become a "heady" game.



Two Scots were mountaineering in Switzerland, when one of them slipped and fell into a crevasse. The other, peering over the edge, saw his companion almost holding on by his finger-nails.

"Are ye a'richt, Macpherson?" shouted the man in safety.

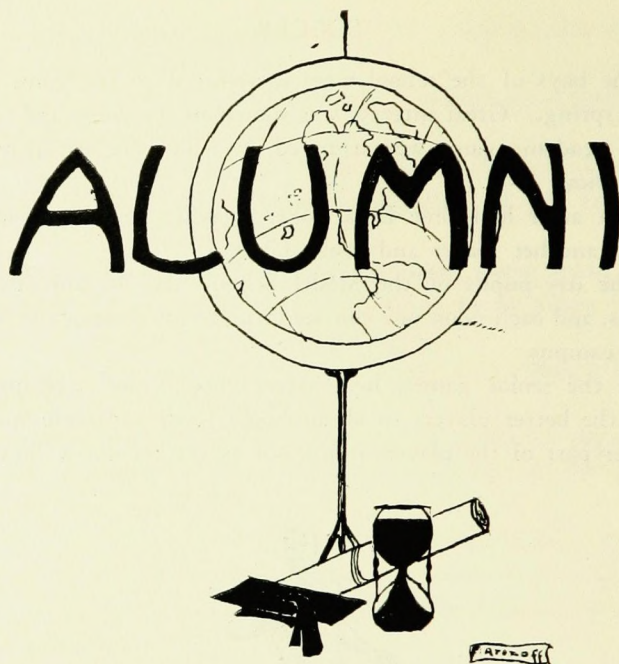
"Nae exactly that," said the other, "but if ye take a wee run doon to the village an' get a rope I'll try to hang on here till ye come back. Hurry mon, for heavens sake hurry!"

His companion disappeared and was gone nearly an hour. Suddenly his face appeared again over the edge of the cliff.

"Are ye still there, Macpherson?" he called down.

"Aye," in a low weary tone. "Have ye got the rope?"

"Nae, indeed. The 'skelpers" in the village wanted twa pounds for it!"



ALUMNI BANQUET

The annual banquet of the Stanstead College Alumni Association was held in the College dining hall Saturday evening, June 3, graduating classes being guests of the association.

The tables were attractively set with fine linen and the flowers which at this season obligingly furnished the College "Red and White," tulips and white lilacs.

The menu was excellent in selection and preparation. With the whole was the pleasure of renewed acquaintance between former Stanstead residents and those remainnig here.

As June 3 was the King's birthday, peculiar emphasis was placed on the symbolic meaning of the honour due the head of our vast empire in the person of our gracious sovereign George V. Following the toast to the King, community singing of old and new favorite college songs was heartily enjoyed. The second toast was the Graduating Class.

Mr. D. W. Davis spoke for Stanstead. Though for years resident, and a citizen of Vermont, he never has lost interest in his former home.

Mr. Earle Beerworth of Ayer's Cliff followed. The third speaker

from former graduates to the new, was Campbell Amaron of Quebec. His was a rallying call for renewed devotion to Alma Mater from her old graduates and students.

Ruston Lamb of the graduating class replied for his group very clearly and briefly.

A college male quartet consisting of Roger McKergow, Tommy Johnson, Don Gordon and Bob Kneeland, sang a "Lumberman's Camp Song." This was followed by a good report from the secretary-treasurer, Miss Mary Flint, whose efficient boosting for the College has won her merited appreciation. She was deeply touched by the remittance received recently from an alumnus, covering yearly dues with interest.

After a rousing chorus: "The Anchor Watch," Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, distinguished guest-speaker, was introduced by Principal Amaron. It was a liberal education to follow Dr. Hough as he strolled rapidly through the fields of ancient poetry and philosophy, by easy stages arriving at our present-day ways of thought.

Mr. D. J. F. Scott, of the Academy staff, made able response for Stanstead College, in appreciation of the message received.

The National Anthems were sung at parting. We have omitted mention of a notable guest, George J. Trueman, Ph.D., former principal at Stanstead, now president of Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B., who arrived after the tables were cleared. Dr. Trueman was heartily welcomed and spoke for a few minutes to the graduating class and Alumni, with his well known vigor of thought and appeal. He sees and believes there is no need for "depression" views regarding the future of schools such as Stanstead. About this Alumni get-together was an atmosphere of good fellowship and optimism good to see and to enjoy.

Officers for 1932-33 re-elected for 33-34, with the addition of Earle Beerworth to the executive committee: President, R. D. Wood, Sherbrooke; vice-presidents, Frank B. Wilson, Montreal; R. C. Amaron, Quebec; Mrs. Ruth Lamb, Stanstead; secretary-treasurer, Miss Mary Flint. Executive committee, Harold Beane, Mrs. P. M. Poapst, Errol C. Amaron; standing banquet committee, Mrs. Bernice McIntosh, Mrs. Lee Jenkins, Mrs. Ruth Lamb.

Mr. Jack Shepard of Sutton sent a check for \$11 in payment of all back dues to the Alumni Association. This was very much appreciated and we take great pleasure in publishing his name, hoping this good example may encourage others to do likewise as the dues are the only source of revenue of the Association.

ALUMNI

The Secretary was instructed to write letters of congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. David Mansur who were married on that day, to Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Howard who were celebrating their 25th Anniversary and to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Pfeiffer on their 8th Wedding Day.

*Sherbrooke Alumni Dinner*

On June 27th a Stanstead reunion dinner was held in the New Sherbrooke House. Forty old students were present. Raymond Wood, President and Charles B. Howard urged all present to help increase attendance. They also spoke of the fine work done by Dr. Read for the last ten years as Chairman of the Board of Trustees. Rev. Mr. Amaron told of the activities of the past year and of the hopes for the future. Miss Mary Flint spoke briefly of the Colby Memorial Library and the College Magazine. Mr. Lee Quimby gave an interesting description of the first Alumni Banquet held in the College dining room in 1886. A Sherbrooke committee was appointed consisting of Dr. E. A. Tomkins, Edna Beerworth, Bertha Tiffin and Mrs. Ethel Earle.

On May 19th of last year, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Pfeiffer gave a charming recital in Pierce Hall. Mrs. Pfeiffer gave great pleasure with her beautiful, well trained voice and Mr. Pfeiffer gave a lecture on Canadian Art illustrated with slides. Later all went to the College Parlors to see his paintings which covered the walls. He had brought them all by car and hung them himself. We appreciate all the trouble he took and the pleasure they gave as well as the substantial sum realized for the College.

We only wish that the pictures might have remained on the walls as there was something for every taste whether modernistic or conventional but all very pleasing. A great interest was taken in the pictures many going to see them on Saturday and some went several times.

On July 7th, the College lost a great friend. Mr. Sidney Stevens had long been a trustee of the College and a most faithful attendant at all their meetings. He had spent a busy life and his fifty-five years residence in Stanstead were spent for the good of the community — in the bank as manager, in the town as mayor and councillor and in Centenary Church as recording steward.

The Alumni wish to express their sorrow at the death of Mr. William Hanson, L.L.D., on April 14. He was a trustee of the College and took great pains to come to the meetings.

Mrs. Geo. Pierce died suddenly at her home in Newton, Mass., on March 26th. As Jennie Thornton of Barnston she was a student at the College and came as a bride to Sunnyside. She had visited in Stanstead in the autumn and her friends found that she retained her charm of appearance and manner.

It is with a great deal of regret that we learn of the tragic death of Austin Bourne, who on June 30, lost his life in Brome Lake while attempting to rescue a companion who had fallen into the water.

Mr. Bourne was a student at Stanstead College from 1919 to 1921, having received his matriculation in science in the spring of 1921. He was subsequently graduated in science at McGill and at the time of his death was preparing for the Christian ministry.

Mrs. F. W. D. Melloon died on Sept. 17th. Her kindness and hospitality will be greatly missed. We wish to express our sympathy to her husband and daughter Ruth, Mrs. Dr. Lynch of Sherbrooke.

Chas. W. Thomas died at Huntingdon on Oct. 8th. He was a former bank manager and had given many books to the Colby Memorial Library.

Rev. E. E. Graham, D.S.O., M.C., at one time a member of the College family while he supplied for Mr. Hughes in Centenary Church, died on March 7th at Valley, N.S. He was stricken while in the pulpit. He had a very notable career during the War and was recommended for the V.C.

On the teaching staff of the College for some years after it first opened in 1873 was the Rev. James Awde, B.A. He died at Toronto on Nov. 13/33 at the age of 88 after a long and distinguished career in the ministry.

The Rev. J. B. Hicks died recently at Ogdensbury, N.Y., and was buried at Lennoxville where he had been Methodist pastor at one time. As a young man he had taught at Stanstead. He was an uncle of Rev. Dr. Howard Philip.



Report of the Quebec Branch of the Stanstead College Alumni

There was no regular activity of this Branch during the past year. This does not mean, however, that Quebec is not still very much Stanstead-minded. Some of the local Alumni keep their eyes open for students, and one was secured last Fall.

Quebec boys visited the College in the early Fall, and played an exhibition game of Rugby. They were the guests of the College until the following morning when they proceeded to Sherbrooke. This visit is becoming an annual one, and is much enjoyed by the boys of both schools.

During the winter, and on the occasion of one of the worst blizzards, the College hockey and basketball teams visited Quebec. An account of this trip is published in another part of this magazine so need not be reported here. From a Quebec point of view, the visit was delightful, and the boys do much for their School, when they conduct themselves with reserve and dignity, as they do when they come to us here.

Amongst the local schoolboys, Stanstead is a by-word. We hope that it will soon be possible for a number of students to go to Stanstead from Quebec. The variety of your courses may be an attraction which will supplement the fascination of boarding-school life.

At the time of writing, steps are being taken to line up the Quebec Branch with the fellow Branches in the drive for members.

R. Campbell Amaron,

Local Alumni Representative.



The Alumni are pleased to extend their congratulations to Miss Colby, who in the New Year's Honour List, received the O.B.E. for "maintaining the highest standards of citizenship." Miss Colby and Mrs. Aikens spent the winter in La Jolla, Calif., and the spring in Honolulu. On their way home they visited Mrs. Cook (Martha Colby) in Vancouver.

At the recent Annual Meeting of the McGill Alumnae Society, three old Stanstead students were among the officers elected. Mrs. Geo. MacDonald (Mary Hitchcock) convenor of the Scholarship Committee, Mrs. A. F. Byers (Marion Tabor) 1st Vice-President and Esther Irvine tea convenor.

Mary Channell, Lilian Sinclair and Beryl Stewart graduated from the Sherbrooke Hospital on May 10.

Violet Farrow, Muriel Heath, Drummond Curtis and Marjory

Brock have recently undergone successful operations for appendicitis.

The engagement of Margaret Henley and Mr. Gordon has been announced and we wish them much happiness.

We are well represented at Bishop's this year. In 1st year Arts are Katherine Morrill, Ruston Lamb, Alfred Bissonnet, Roy Berry and Cedric Edson; 2nd year, Lee Heath, Frank Heath; 3rd year, Aylmer Hunt; William Stockwell in the pre-dentistry course and Mervyn Rogers in dentistry. Roy Berry has done quite brilliant work. Lee Heath was the Bishop's representative to the Model Session of the League of Nations held at Stanstead recently.

Ruston Lamb is the president of the Literary and Debating Society and as such presented the trophy to Bishop's who were the winning team in the Intercollegiate Debating Society. He also wrote the prize poem "Winds" for The Mitre.

Clarke Lawton is in 1st year Engineering at Queens.

Harold Mandigo is at home in Knowlton working in a drug store.

Dean Miltimore, nephew of Dr. F. O. Call, was in a bad accident caused by a horse running away and the sleigh being struck by a train. He was thrown out so did not receive much physical harm but his companions were killed and he is only gradually recovering from the shock.

Miss Jessie Ward soon after leaving here last June was married to Mr. Minchin Barker at Amherst, N.S. They are living at St. John, N. B. Miss Elsie McFadzen attended the wedding.

Three more old students are on the faculty this year, F. Brown, graduate of Harvard, as Dean of boys, Miss Alice Parker of McGill, in the Model School and Thomas Bready assistant in Bugbee Business College.

Miss Jean Campbell will be greatly missed here next year as she is going to Montreal to be soloist at Christ Church Cathedral.

Isobel Morrill is taking Home Economics at Mt. Allison.

Elma Martin's mother who has been seriously ill all year is now recovering and it is hoped that Elma may return to the College in the Autumn.

Arthur Elbert Curtis is now assistant manager of the Shawinigan Power Co., and is residing at Shawinigan.

Bertha Merrill went to Montreal at Easter to train in the Foundling Hospital.

H. G. Beall was appointed Executive Secretary of the International Y.M.C.A. After leaving Stanstead he was in charge of the Westmount Y.M.C.A. for some years.

Dr. and Mrs. Halpenny were given many tokens of regard on the occasion of their leaving St. James United Church, Montreal, and going

to Cornwall, Ont. Miss Hope Jack is making her home with them.

Catherine Jean MacKenzie who graduated in Arts at McGill last year, is secretary to Miss King, who is in charge of the Social Service Course at McGill.

Martha Lamb is graduating at Netherwood, Rothseay, N.B., in June and has been chosen to give the Valedictory.

Dr. F. O. Call has been made an Honorary Member of L'Institute Historique et Heraldique de France. This honour was given in recognition of his books on French Canadian life, "The Spell of French Canada" and "The Spell of Acadia."

Last Autumn Mr. and Mrs. Guy Halderman visited Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Ball. They had motored from Pasadena, Calif., stopping at the Chicago Fair and returning by the southern route. Mrs. Halderman is a niece of Mrs. Ball and a daughter of the late Prof. Bannister who was the principal of the College immediately preceding Dr. Flanders. Her mother and sister Amie are also living in California.

Mrs. Gorham (Marie Tanner) visited the College for a short time last autumn when she brought her daughter Marcelle, who is taking Violin. When former students bring their children to the old school it is the highest tribute and in this case it is more convincing as Marcelle's aunt is Miss Lea Tanner who has kept in touch with the College as Inspector of French.

Ralph V. Merry and Mrs. Merry are teaching at the newly organized Alfred Holbrook College, Lebanon, Ohio.

Catherine Dobson is engaged to Jerry Riddell who has taken a post-graduate course at Oxford.

Dr. F. O. Call made a tour of the British Isles last summer with the Canadian Authors Association of which Duncan Campbell Scott was the retiring president and chairman at the Annual Meeting held at Quebec just before they sailed. At the Spring Exhibition of the Montreal Art Association, "Ebb Tide," by Dr. F. O. Call was very favourably commented upon as were landscapes by Gordon Pfeiffer.

On April 17th James Turner Ball, an architect of Boston, was married at St. John the Divine, in New York, to Mrs. Jean Livingston Sherburne, a noted singer and a descendant of David Livingston.

Mrs. Dorothy Sproule, who was Dora Corrigan, attended the College in the time of Mattie Colby, Ida Gale, Leo Reed and Emma Lawton, has sent for the Colby Memorial Library, three of her books of poems including the most recent one "The Golden Goal."

Winowna Pomeroy was married on Oct. 7th at Coburg, Ont., to

Mr. J. MacDougal of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. They are now living at Brantford, Ont.

Margaret MacMillan is just completing a seven months training at a New Jersey hospital and returning to Brightlook Hospital, St. Johnsbury, Vt., where she will graduate on June 5th.

Drummond Curtis was married to Ruth Shuttleworth on Oct. 14th, and Frances Curtis was married to Harold Carter on April 21st. Fortunately Drummond is to live on the home farm and Frances will not be very far away.

Dr. Clinton E. Manning was recently elected Mayor of Richmond.

Millicent Brennan, Jean Tarlton, Edith Belyea and Amelia Greenbank spent a weekend during the winter visiting the College and with two "Old Girls", Helen Laing and Margaret Philp, played the Girl's Basketball team in a very even match with a score of 22 - 24.

Esther Irvine, graduating in Household Science at Macdonald College last spring was awarded the Lieutenant-Governor's silver medal for highest aggregate standing in 4th year and the Graduate's prize for the highest standing in dietetics. She has now entered the department of dietetics at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Last summer, Henry Tanner gave a course of 20 lectures in Electricity and Industrial Physics to the unemployed at the Technical High School of Montreal.

Among the officers of the Protestant Teachers' Association of Sherbrooke who were recently elected were two old Stanstead students, President, Ellison Tilton, 1st Vice-President, Margaret Holding.

At Christmas time many friends here were pleased to receive cards from Mrs. Moody from her home in England.

Mr. W. A. Deacon who has sent us many books for the Library including some of his own has this year published a new one, "My Vision of Canada."

Bill Amaron, taking 2nd year Arts at McGill was on the relay team at Kingston when McGill won the Intercollegiate track championship.

Walter Stockwell made a sensational touchdown in the match with McMaster University which won the game for McGill and was their first win of the season.

Sylvia Soles is finishing her probation at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Maude Martin is president of the Montreal Branch of the Special Libraries Association and her Chapter won the medal for the largest number of members admitted to the Society during the year.

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On Saturday, Oct. 21st, Alexa Fuller and Henry Stockwell were married at Centenary Church. They were both popular old students and Alexa was on the Staff for some years. They are living in Ottawa where Henry is in charge of the new filtration plant.

Carlos Pierce, his wife and children called at the College during the summer and looked over Sunnyside which was formerly his home. He is a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pierce and a member of the family which have made so many bequests to the College.

Louis Vessot King, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., who has just been awarded the Flavelle Medal by the Royal Society of Canada for conspicuous merit in science, is one of McGill University's most brilliant graduates. Now Macdonald professor of physics at McGill, he graduated from McGill with a B.A. degree in 1905 and obtained the Doctor of Science degree, the highest academic award that the university can bestow, in 1915. He is a son of Dr. and Mrs. King who were on the Stanstead College Staff at the time of his birth.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frederick Pierce, Stanstead, Que., were "At Home" to their friends on Tuesday evening, September 5, the occasion being their Golden Wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce received under a white wedding bell, with gold streamers, in the same room in which they were married fifty years ago, and were assisted by their children, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilder Pierce (nee Nellie Webster), Jacksonville, Fla.; Miss Caroline Weaver Pierce, Washington, D.C.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Dean Ballard (nee Mabel E. Pierce), Hartford, Conn.; and their grandson, Henry Wilder Pierce, Jr.

An interesting contact was made with the past on Monday evening, July 3, when the College received a visit from Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Eaton of Toronto. Mrs. Eaton is a daughter of the late Dr. W. C. Henderson, who was principal of the college in 1889. It was during the time of her father's tenure of office here that the then Miss Henderson met Mr. Eaton, whom she subsequently married. Mr. and Mrs. Eaton, who had not seen Stanstead since they left here nearly 45 years ago, greatly enjoyed looking over the scenes of their youth and were very much impressed with the care bestowed on the furniture which is still in use. Mr. and Mrs. Eaton were accompanied by their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. McCleary, also of Toronto.

Adele Noble has been spending the year at her home in Cookshire and has visited the College several times.

Miss Margaret Edwards is at the Business College in Brantford, Ont., where she taught her first year. She has been much missed here

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Vice-Presidents — Montreal:- Frank Wilson.

Sherbrooke:- Dr. E. A. Tomkins.

Stanstead:- Mrs. Ruth Lamb.

Ayer's Cliff:- Earl Beerworth.

Quebec City:- Campbell Amaron.

Miss Mary Flint, Secretary-Treasurer.

The usefulness of the Association is measured by the support which is given by all its members and any suggestions regarding its welfare will be greatly received and given consideration by the officers.

May we count on YOUR support?

and the magazine is indebted to her for having typed the Alumni notes for some years.

We have members scattered in all parts of the world. Word has come from a Miss Westlake of Barnstable who must have attended the College in the eighties. She is now Mrs. Dr. William Kergan of Stewart, B.C. Early in December they had 48 feet of snow. She went to Vancouver in 1898 with her father who left for the Yukon gold rush and was never heard from again.

During Dr. Flanders time there was an athletic team made up of Arlie Flanders, Sid Flanders, Forest Mitchell, Edgie Ferguson, Stonewall Buchanan, Bill Veit, Graham and Sam Bridgett who were hard to beat. And perhaps the fastest runner and the longest winded was Edgie Ferguson. Miss Colby taught their Sunday School Class and not long ago received a long letter from Dr. E. A. Ferguson. He is now a doctor in Manchester, England, and has three sons and one daughter who are keeping up the athletic tradition as the eldest has won his international cap for hockey and has been chosen to play on the Rugby team for the combined Universities of England.

A son, Gardner Ames, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cowles in April. Mrs. Cowles was Ethel Ames.

A son, Paul Nason, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harley Ames on the evening of Mother's Day, May 13th. Mrs. Ames was Iva Nason and attended the Model School.

It has just been learned that during the graduating exercises at the Sherbrooke Hospital, Beryl Stewart received the Dr. J. B. Winder prize for the highest marks and Lilian Sinclair the president's prize for loyalty and interest in upholding the standards of the hospital.

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